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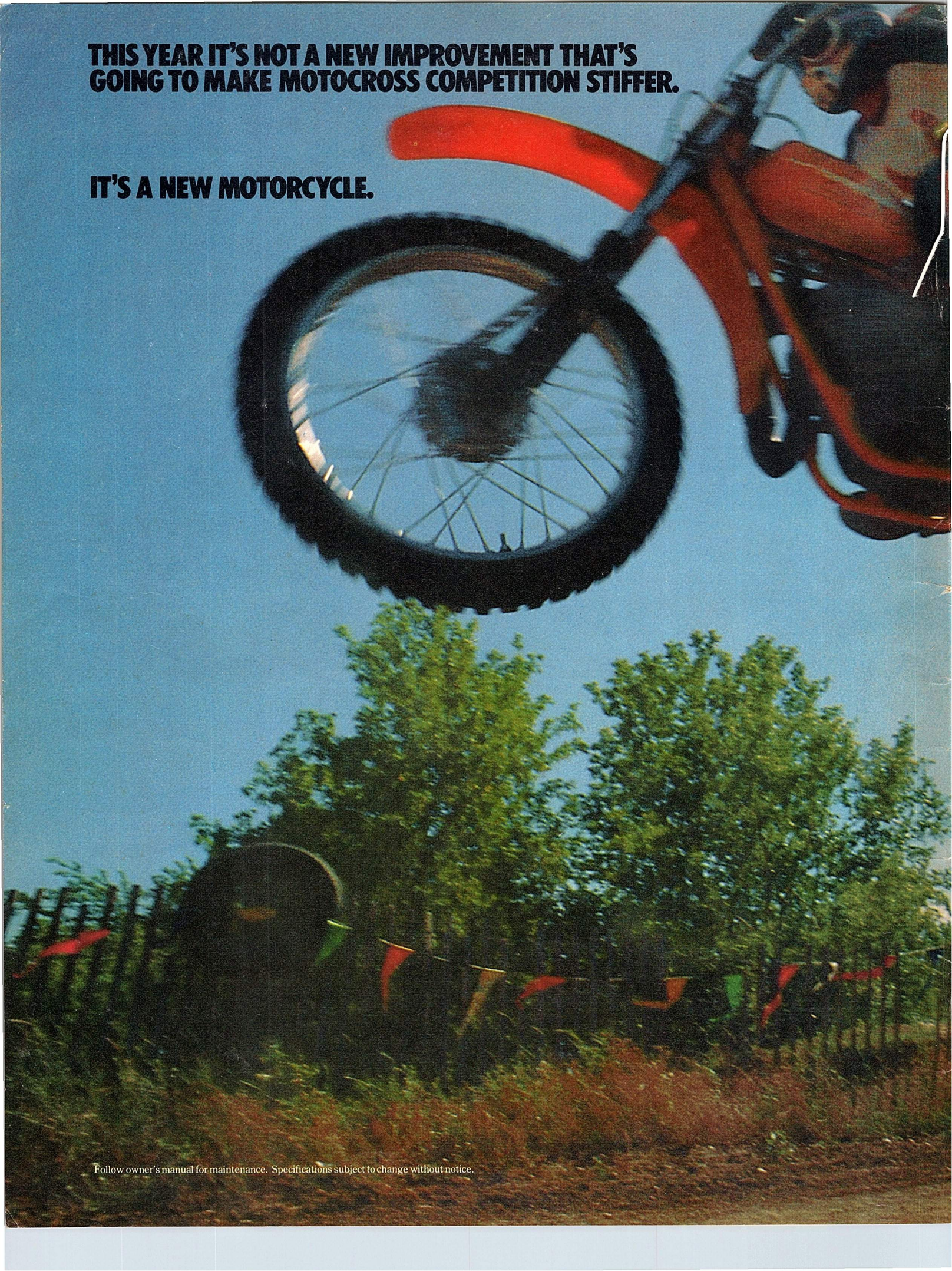
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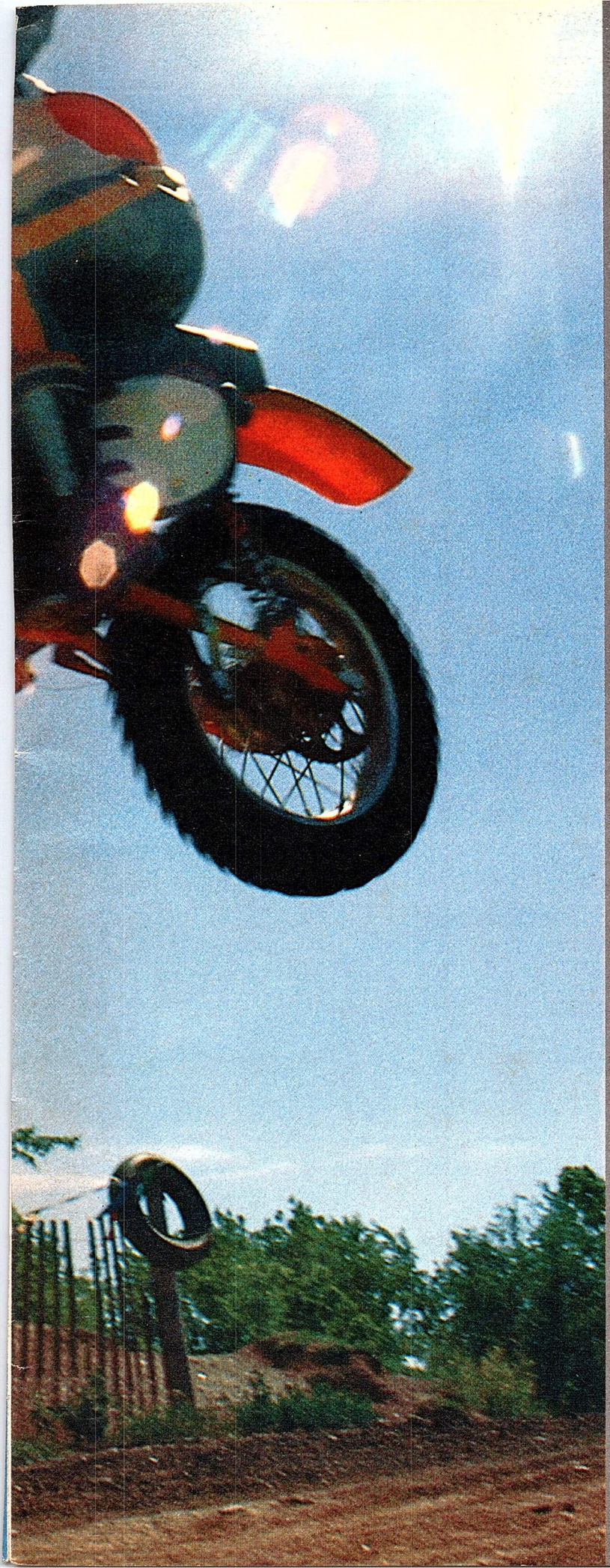
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DIRT BIKE

OCTOBER 1977 VOLUME SEVEN NUMBER TEN

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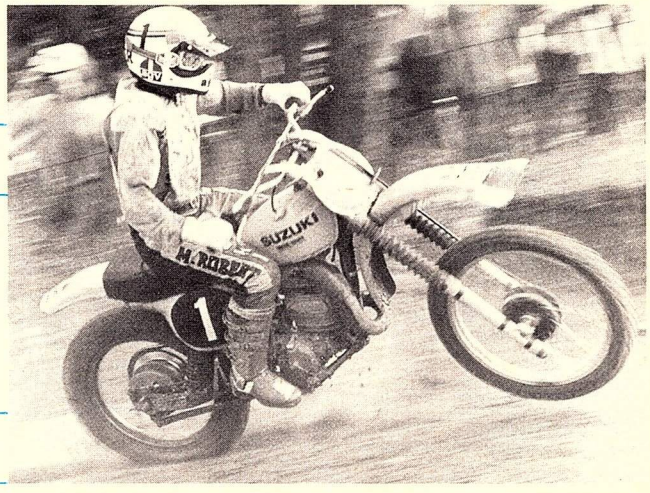
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WOODS

"You can't find your waitress
with a Geiger counter,
and she hates you and your friends
but you just can't get served without her."
Tom Waits

Let's face it, when it comes to eating, few things are better than food. Eating itself, as many perceptive people have noticed, begins to become a habit at an early age. By the time a person is old enough to be riding a motorcycle, ingesting nutrition has reached the level of full-fledged addiction.

I am not a picky eater. Among the entire array of edible animal and vegetable matter only liver and beets have the capacity to evaporate my appetite. Hell, I'll eat most anything.

Plain old eating, however, eating as in at home or with friends, and eating on the road, on the way to a ride or event, are different enough to be completely separate bodily functions.

Working for dear old DB entails a considerable amount of travel. For whatever the reason — picking up test bikes, escaping creditors, traveling to races, fleeing Encino, driving to press functions or just getting lost — DIRT BIKE staffers put thousands of miles on the old truck every month.

In the course of these ramblings, often with some stimulation, the munchies, as they tend to, sometimes hit.

By way of illustration, consider this example:

Picture this, if you will. The Kid is cruising down, or up, Highway 101, about four hours out of L.A. (Western distance is measured in hours rather than miles.) It is a beautiful day, the bees are at ease and my mind is buzzing. Without knowing it, I have placed myself in a position of vulnerability to the catalysts around me.

The radio blares out an old rock number. Its words worm into my consciousness.

"Hungry for the good times, baby . . ."

Hungry. *Hungry*. HUNGRY!

Billboards flash by. A donut there, a taco here, to the left a cheeseburger and fries, to the right finger-lickin' chicken.

Suddenly my stomach clenches, a fist of emptiness. My mouth waters, my eyes bore forward looking for a "gas food and lodging" sign.

"Gas food," no comma, I should have known.

A sudden swerve, the dirtbike-

DIRT TO COME

Testing the new Suzuki RM250C.
Mono-out: Yamaha DTs — 175, 250 and 400.
125 MX Wrap-up: LaPorte, Glover, or Hannah?
Riding the Bengt Aberg Replica 500.
John Banks Interview: British Baron of the Berms.
Plus: RM370A Update, Hannah Start Gate, and Gunnar's Gasser.
Yesterday's Knobs: Where are they now?

truck gravel-dances into a parking lot.

"Fat Bob's Fry House."

Yessir.

Fat Bob's is dark, flyspecked. It has all of the charm and ambiance of a Howard Johnson's in hell. I sit, cautiously allowing my imagination to finger the possibilities of a delicious scam.

The menu looks as if it has been mauled by a Great Dane. My waitress appears. On second thought perhaps *she* mauled the menus.

From behind a steam-clouded steel partition come kitchen noises, or so I assume. I have heard similar sounds at a veterinary hospital.

Gripping her pen like a kid strangling a nightcrawler, the waitress — "Ponderosa," her name tag reads — waits for my order.

I scan the menu. "Chicken-fried steak, steak-fried chicken . . ."

Ponderosa is becoming impatient. I hear the pen crack in her tightening grip.

"What do you recommend, my dear?" I ask. It always seems right when David Niven says it.

"I recommend that you make up your mind." She smiles sweetly, chewing the pen now. Absently she spits small plastic bits at my water glass. One lands in the glass. *Something* rises out of the water to swallow it.

I stare at the menu. Six little legs scutter across it, tickling my fingers. The dirtbiketruck, dreaded conveyance, looks more and more appealing.

I smile my most winning smile, I know I have to get out of here.

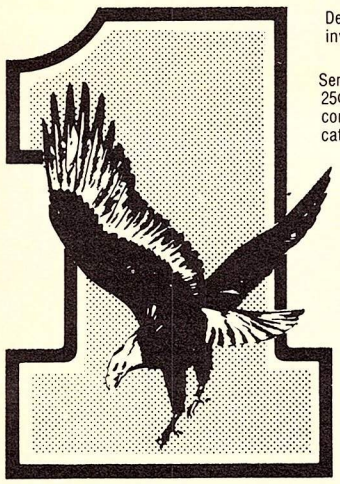
"Uh, can I have about 17 Snickers to go?"

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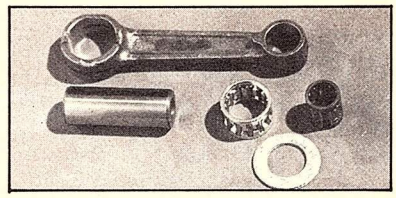
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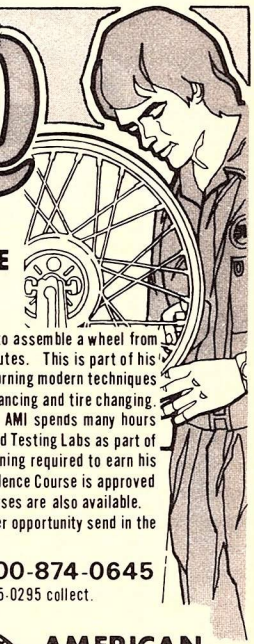
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BITS & PIECES

by Len Weed

The world's longest trail ride. Interested? Doug Richmond, author of the entertaining and informative *How to Select, Ride and Maintain Your Trail Bike*, published by HP Books, extends a hearty invitation to long-haul riders who may wish to accompany him on a 1977 Thanksgiving Ride from Ensenada to San Jose, Costa Rica, by way of Belize, Guatemala, Honduras and Nicaragua.

It will be a leisurely trip, with oodles of time to enjoy the scenery and ambiance. Some of it is likely to be over exceedingly poor roads, so it is most suitable for riders of enduro and street/trail machines.

There will be no charge, of course, but each rider will be responsible for his own expenses and maintenance. Estimated duration: 50 days.

If you're interested in this adventure, send two large stamped and self-addressed envelopes to Doug Richmond, 583 Mira Vista Avenue, Oakland, California 94610.

* * * *

During a recent trip north the mighty B&P Express stopped off in friendly downtown Newberg, Oregon, to visit the equally mighty plastic capitol of the known knobbied universe. Did you know that Preston's fender factory used to be a nut house? (Some might say it still is.) Not a mental institution, but rather a walnut processing complex. We knew we must be getting close to the core of Petty Products when we noticed that we were driving due east on a road marked as the northbound lane of 99 West. A familiar face provided a personalized tour of the petro-conversion facilities. Sir Downfurlow's heir-apparent, Chet Heyberger, former DB editor. Chet's now a thriving PR and advertising executive (he told us to say that) in Newberg.

Passing along two of the signs on Preston's walls: "The only difference between men and boys is the cost of their toys." And another: "Lead, follow, get out of the way. Do something!"

Another highlight of the northwest excursion took place at the NorCal national trial where we one'd a section that Champ Marland Whaley fived. Unfortunately, we couldn't maintain the advantage.

* * * *



Pictured here is Marilyn Wicker's embroidered autograph jacket from the national trials circuit. She also has one from the Scottish Six Days. Her husband, "Wicks," sidelines in plonker photos from the nationals and the Scottish. He also has films from Scotland. For more info: Pics by Wick, Route 2, Box 397, Liberty, Missouri 64068; (816) 781-6924.

* * * *

The AMA Board of Trustees has announced that AMA Executive Director Barrie Best will assume overall executive responsibility for all AMA activity, including the Professional Racing Division.

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actions was to appoint Douglas A.J. Mockett of Manhattan Beach, California, to the newly created position of Commissioner of Professional Racing. Mockett will direct all activities of the AMA Professional Racing Division staff.

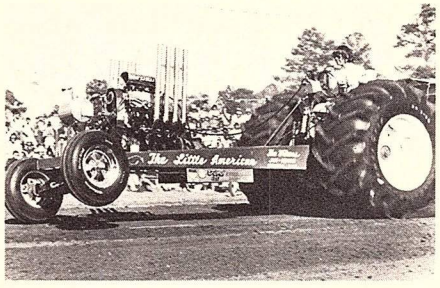
Bill Boyce, Mockett announced, will assume the position of Special Assistant to the Commissioner.

* * * *



Read it carefully. Larry Ulrich of Bend, Oregon, sent us the photo.

* * * *



The tire folks without the blimp sent us this photo. Admittedly, it is a four-wheeler, raced in something called the NTPA (National Tractor Power Association?), but think of the applications. Bad Brad's already gone to a 5.00x17. Think of the traction he could get with these babies on the back end.

* * * *

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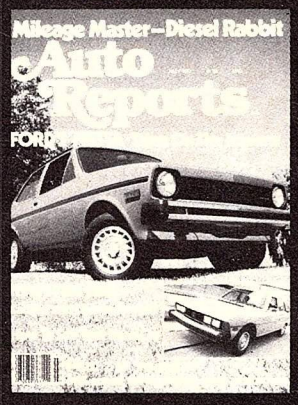
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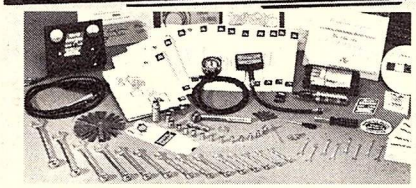
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RIDERS WRITE

PLONK LESSONS

Reference was made in your article on Bernie Schreiber to a week-long trials school taught by Lane Leavitt at Donner Ski Ranch. Could you give me the address of the school?

Christopher Hagen
New York, New York

A quick flip to Lane's own column divulges your requested info. Contact Norm Sayler, Donner Ski Ranch, P.O. Box 66, Norden, California 95724; (916) 426-3578. — ed.

AND THEN WHAT?

I would like to find out how to get sponsored by Suzuki or Honda.

John Deane
San Antonio, Texas

Beat DiStefano or Smith. — ed.

THEY WERE A GAS IN THE WOODS

I, an avid degenerate decal and sticker collector, have begged, borrowed and stolen until finally I have every sticker shown on your cooler, except one. I have tried every bike shop, ordered all the catalogs and I even wrote to Krause, all to no avail. Please tell me where I can obtain the unique insignia such as the one directly underneath the Ossa sticker.

Last Year's 402L

That's going to be a tough one, L. No one's heard of the old Coleman 400s since they stopped making propane canisters that would last through a 100-mile enduro. — ed.

HONOR LIVES

I'm an honest rider. If I create an obstacle to jump I later destroy it. Well, these three idiots on big bikes made an obstacle two feet high. When they were finished with it, they left it there. I was doing 30 mph down this road. I couldn't stop, so I plowed through it. Luckily I made it. Riders, please take down your obstacles.

Bill Loomis
Baltic, Connecticut

A good point. And, whether you ride in a sand lot or on a track, check out the course before you gas it. — ed.

What iz all dis talk of problems wif ze prudpusperator? Ze anser is not ze Caliqari Coil, or adjustment of ze caloric intake. Simply send your Zambisi 100 to our vast quarter-acre prud plant und ve vill make ze necessary adjustments. Or for you enterprising shade tree mechanics, ve offer an accessory prudpusperator tuneup kit. Install dis kit and *zen* your Zambisi vill be unstoppable.

Bill Swan
Zambisi Accessories, Inc.
Perry, Ohio

Bill Swan, to the best of our knowledge, may have been the man responsible for the "Swanlake" handling option for Zambisis. Cornering was, if you remember, improved, but the pirouettes were a bitch. Deal with this man carefully. — ed.

You say in your magazine to add two dollars per year for foreign subscribers' subscriptions. Since I live here in Germany and since my father is in the military, I was wondering if I must pay that additional charge.

Manuel Thomas

Well, Thomas, since your dad's in the military your sub will be sent to an A.P.O. address. You don't have to pay the extra two bucks. — ed.

I just wanted to tell you that in my opinion this is one of the best magazines I have read in years. You people are about the most up-front and down-to-earth writers, and you

tell it like it is. DIRT BIKE really knows how to flip me out. Keep up the good work.

Signed,
No one will ever know.

Well, Know, we can see you really know where our head's at. Where we're coming from. Far out.

PAUL BUNYON ACCESSORIES

Help! I've been trying to find someone who sells or manufactures riding boots in size 16. Yeah, 16! I've looked all over. Most shops just shake their head no. The largest I've seen has been size 14.

Mel Klimas
Chicago, Illinois

Sorry, Klimas. We put in a quick call to our local boot expert, and with a sadly negative shake of the head, he confirmed your own findings. — ed.

HUMOR THEM ALL

What are the best shocks for my Bultaco chain saw? I cut oak and pine trees mostly.

Marlon Ott
Raytown, Missouri

You might see if you can't pick up a set of the stock dampers from a Coleman 400.

Listen, ya bunch of beer-bellied baboons, ya snake-eyed snots, and any other name your devious little minds can think of. (But keep it clean; after all, this is a family magazine.) I'm a faithful reader of DB, and I know you don't want to lose that. After all, that's money in your pocket. In the June issue you got six questions asking what DNF, WFO and DKW mean. Tell us, ya SOBs, NOW!

Jeff Curtis
Carson City, Nevada

No.

PICKY, PICKY

Did you know that Bob Hannah can spell his name forward and backward? (Except on the cover of your August issue.)

Jumpin' Joe Amman
Chesterfield, Missouri

It was spelled backward on the cover. The first "H" got lost in the mail. — ed.

INTER-AM HANDLEBARS



Joel Jamieson photo

These are the handlebars that many top riders win with and tens of thousands of riders swear by.

SOLID ALUMINUM: flexibility and superior strength.

STEEL MX: traditional bar, heliarc welded cross brace.

CHROME STREET: brilliantly chromed, the final touch for any street bike.

Whatever your requirements, INTER-AM's emphasis on CONSISTENT and SUPERIOR QUALITY gives you handlebars you can depend on:

THE PROVEN ONES FROM THE EXPERTS

I-A

send 25c for catalog and decal

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BIKE SUPPLIES, INC.
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Solid aluminum bars $17.95 plus $2.00 postage and handling.
(Calif. residents add 6% sales tax)

Lubri-Tech has more than one chain lube, so that you get the *right one*

Use All-New Lubri-Tech OFF-ROAD CHAIN LUBE in the Dirt...

A special racing formula with penetrating foam to cut into caked-on dirt lays down a micro-fine film to minimize build-up of dirt and grime. The protection of "Moly" stands up to racing pressures, actually burnishes onto steel to reduce performance-robbing, metal-to-metal contact. Use Off-Road Chain Lube as recommended and don't let anyone tell you that any one chain lube is right for all motorcycle chains.



17 oz. aerosol
Contains no fluorocarbon propellent

You want the Lubri-Tech chain lube formulated for the way you ride



Lubri-Tech Off-Road Chain Lube, dirt racing formula with "Moly"

Lubri-Tech Competition Chain Lube, for all high speed chains and desert road riding

Lubri-Tech Foaming Chain Lube, for street bikes, rated No. 1 friction fighter by independent test

Lubri-Tech Chain Lube Squirt, convenient non-aerosol chain lube with "Moly"

Lubri-Tech Cable and Chain Lube, best for cables, good for chains

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All the quality you're looking for in motorcycle performance, maintenance and paint products. Send 50¢ for full line catalog or $3 for catalog, T-shirt (S, M, L, XL) and cycle decal (specify bike brand).

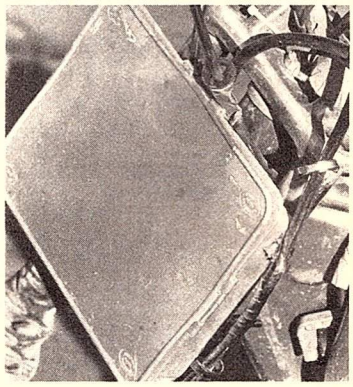
Lubri-Tech Products, Dept. DBA
7106 Barry Ave., Rosemont, IL 60018

STUFE



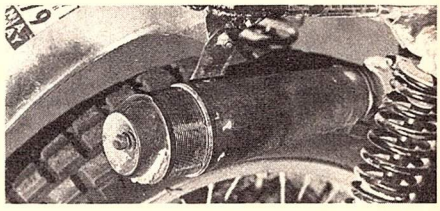
THE IRON JAW

Face protection has become increasingly important. There are two types of face guards available. First, the face fender type, which covers the face to protect it from rocks and spray, and the second type where the helmet itself is extended up front to provide the necessary protection in the event of a spill or an accident. The regular-type face fender is worthless in the event of an impact. The Bell Motostar is now used by Roger DeCoster among others. Many riders object to the full-face-type helmet for comfort reasons (that is, before you fall), especially on hot days. None of our staffers currently uses that type. We have, however, tried an alternative called the Iron Jaw. It consists of a much sturdier face fender than normal which fits into two pockets, one on each side of the helmet. The pockets are supplied with the fender and are easily bolted on to the side of your helmet. When installed and locked in position with two locknuts, the Iron Jaw gives you almost, but not quite, the protection of a full-coverage helmet, but also the choice of not using it at all sometimes, or removing it during the event. We found the Iron Jaw to be a good alternative to a full-coverage helmet and far superior to the regular face fenders from a protection point of view. Your dealer can get it from Wheelsport Distributing, P.O. Box 8827, Portland, Oregon 97209; (503) 223-7485.



GOT YOUR NUMBER

With a little effort you can cram the entirety of your really meaningful worldly possessions within the confines of a Preston Petty number plate/tool kit. Or, just about all the really necessary tools you'll ever need for in-the-field repairs. Except maybe a spare shock, piston or crank. Almost everybody who sells bikes carries the kit, another fine product from ol' whatshisface.



WHO'S YOUR DIFFUSER?

Here's what Discojet Corporation says about their Super-Trapp silencer: *Highest rated flow ever recorded by USFS, highest carbon collection efficiency ever recorded by USDA tests, up to a 27-dbA noise reduction under CHP test procedure, first silencer with 100-percent guarantee to outpower and outquiet the competition or money back.* It's also a spark arrestor. The Super-Trapp can be tuned to a particular engine because of the variations possible with the diffuser discs. Tuning tips come with the silencer. We've been running one on our XTL290 because Powroll recommended it. See your dealer. For more info: Discojet Corporation, 920 3rd Street, Davis, California 95616; (916) 756-5069.

PENNZOIL... Off-Road's Winningest Oil

Since their introduction, Pennzoil Motorcycle Oils have lubricated more off-road winners than all other engine lubricants combined!* The reason is simple. Pennzoil's specially blended formulas give long-lasting heat and friction-fighting engine protection...the protection you need for hours of grueling flatout competition. Take a tip from off-road superstars like Rolf Tibblin, A.C. Bakken, Larry Roeseler, Jack Johnson, and dozens more...whatever you ride, wherever you go, Pennzoil is worth asking for. Pennzoil 2-Stroke, 4-Stroke and Injector Oil are available at your local motorcycle dealer.





1973
BAJA MIL
Overall Winner—Mitch Mayes/A.C. Bakken—Husq.
125cc Winner—Preston Petty/Dick Miller—DKW
MINT 400
Overall Winner—Rolf Tibblin/Mitch Mayes—Husq.
125cc Winner—Jack Johnson/Dave Laca—Yamaha
BIG RIVER 500
Overall Winner—Jack Johnson/Mark Mason—Husq.
BAJA 500
Overall Winner—Howard Utsey/Mickey Quade—Husq.
125cc Winner—Preston Petty/Dick Miller—DKW
SCORE OFF-ROAD WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS
Overall Winner—Al Baker—Kawasaki

1974
SCORE BAJA INTERNACIONAL
250cc Winner—Al Baker/Steve Holladay—Honda
SCORE OFF-ROAD WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS
125cc Winner—Bruce McDougal—Honda
SCORE PARKER 400
Overall Winner—Al Baker/Steve Holladay—Honda

1975
SCORE PARKER 400
Overall Winner—Al Baker—Honda
250cc Winner—Wayne Cook/Steve Holladay—Honda
125cc Winner—Joe Padilla/Mickey Quade—Husq.
MINT 400
Overall Winner—Jack Johnson/Mark Mason—Yamaha
SCORE BAJA INTERNACIONAL
Overall Winner—Al Baker/Gunnar Lindstrom—Honda
SCORE OFF-ROAD WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS
Overall Winner—Mitch Mayes—Husq.
250cc Winner—Steve Holladay—Honda
125cc Winner—Bobby Jones—Honda
SCORE BAJA 1000
Overall Winner—Al Baker/Gene Cannady—Honda

1976
MINT 400
Overall Winner—Larry Roeseler/A.C. Bakken—Husq.
250cc Winner—Rich Bunty/Leroy Kyger—Yamaha
SCORE PARKER 400
Overall Winner—Larry Roeseler/A.C. Bakken—Husq.
250cc Winner—Steve Holladay/Wayne Cook—Honda
SCORE BAJA INTERNACIONAL
Overall Winner—Larry Roeseler/A.C. Bakken—Husq.
250cc Winner—Scot Harden/Jack Johnson—Husq.
SCORE OFF-ROAD WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP
Overall Winner—Mitch Mayes—Husq.
250cc Winner—Mike Bell—Husq.
125cc Winner—Bobby Jones—Honda
SCORE BAJA 1000
Overall Winner—Larry Roeseler/Mitch Mayes—Husq.
125cc Winner—Ed Rodine/Eric Spaeth—Can-Am

1977
SCORE PARKER 400
Overall Winner—Larry Roeseler/Rolf Tibblin—Husq.
125cc Winner—Mitch Payton/Jeff Kaplan—Husq.
Class 38 Winner—Jack Froelich/Bruce Lewellyn—Yamaha
LAS VEGAS 400
Overall Winner—Larry Roeseler/Bob Rutten—Husq.
250cc Winner—Mike Mayes/Preston Gerber—KTM
125cc Winner—Jim Beardsley/Steve Wisemann—Suzuki
Class 38 Winner—Rolf Tibblin/Howard Utsey—Husq.
SCORE BAJA INTERNACIONAL
Overall Winner—Larry Roeseler/Jack Johnson—Husq.
125cc Winner—Mitch Payton/Jeff Kaplan—Husq.
Class 38 Winner—Dick Vick/John Watkins—Husq.

*All SCORE, NORRA, BSC and MINT events in the U.S. and Mexico.

PENNZOIL COMPANY
Oil City, Pennsylvania

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Design Your Own Jersey
$29.95 (includes name & no.)

Look like a winner in your 2 color nylon mesh jersey. Combine any two colors from the list below to personalize your garment. Include color arrangement diagram (both sides).

Send your check or money order today! Price includes postage and handling.

You can also have your own 1 color custom design screen printed on front. Include a sample sketch of design desired and add $10.00.



CLUBS INVITED

CHECK 2 COLORS ☐ Kelly Green ☐ Royal Blue ☐ Turquoise Blue ☐ Lime Green ☐ White ☐ Black ☐ Orange ☐ Scarlet ☐ Grey ☐ Burgundy ☐ Yellow

NAME_____ **NUMBER**_____

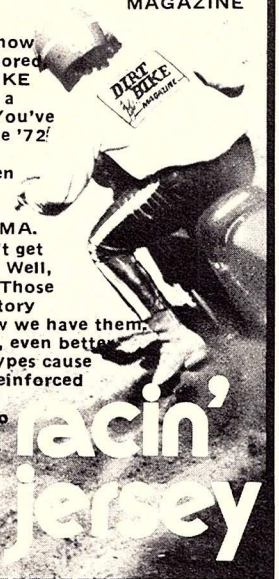
CHECK SIZE
XS Small Med. Large X Large
☐28-30 ☐32-34 ☐36-38 ☐40-42 ☐44-46

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Satisfaction Guaranteed

DIRT BIKE
MAGAZINE

Okay, you all know that a bright colored, vented DIRT BIKE racing jersey is a desirable unit. You've seen Ake win the '72 Trans-AMA one. You've seen John DeSoto wearing one in the '73 Trans-AMA. But you couldn't get one, could you? Well, nobody could. Those were special factory prototypes. Now we have them. Regular replicas, even better than the prototypes cause these have the reinforced elbows and the DIRT BIKE logo on both sides. Get your DIRT BIKE Racin' Jersey now, while they last.



racin' jersey

$14.95 + 50¢ postage and handling. Please send me____Racin' Jersey (s) S M L XL
Enclosed is $_____ check or money order

○BLUE ○YELLOW ○RED

DIRT BIKE RACIN' JERSEY
P.O. Box 14945 Las Vegas, Nev. 89114

NAME_____
STREET_____
CITY_____
STATE_____ ZIP_____

HOT SETUPS

Any excuses you may have are unacceptable. You have not been getting with the program. Well, admit it. Have you noticed that this column has been, shall we say, missing lately? Well, it's your fault and you should know it. We do not need an excuse. We have never failed to put you hep to the warmest info the very second that it is accepted into our memory banks. Our interesting facts, tidbits and modifications are gladly shared with you without asking. Tips that can save you time, money and, most important of all, frustration. No, we don't want to hear any excuses. We want Hot Set-Ups! Seriously hot ones, with descriptive black and white photos to match. We'll even pay you five dollars for them. Do it now.

BETTER BETORS

Tired of oil blowing out of your forks' breather holes? Here's a simple fix. Get hold of a plastic coffee can lid and cut out a couple of discs to fit the I.D. of your fork tubes. Remove your caps, place one on top of each spring, and replace the caps. Air will still be allowed to escape past the sides of the discs but the oil will not. Thanks go to Geoff Forshag of Hammond, Louisiana.

SOGGY ROUTE SHEET CURE

If you have a problem with your route sheet tearing halfway through an enduro due to its being soggy, or a malfunctioning holder, or operator of the holder, simply run a strip of duct tape down the back of the sheet. This takes the stress off of the paper itself, and leaves you merrily turning away as you cruise down the trail. Submitted by Denny Horton, Zanesville, Ohio.

UNGRIPPING

So after all these years your faithful Oury grips finally wore out. You love those grips, so how do you get those babies off without (gasp) cutting them? Especially if you put the throttle grip on the clutch side and vice versa. Plug the hole in the end of one grip with good ol' duct tape, or a friend's finger. Then put a hand pump or air compressor hose up to the other end, and create enough pressure to pop the grip off. Kevin Tubbs, La Mesa, California, adds that he can't be held responsible for holes in walls or bodies.

BETTER THAN A BABY BOTTLE

OK, you've got your super-trick 4WD truck loaded up with your new Super Zambisi MXer. You're heading out to the desert to ride, going over some pretty rough terrain, and it's getting mighty hot. Glasses and bottles of liquid refreshment spill easily, and what with the new truck and bike you can't afford a thermos. What to do?

Take a squeeze bottle of liquid dish-washing detergent, the kind with a pop-top, and unless you enjoy the taste of same, thoroughly wash it out. Then fill it with water and freeze it. By the time your dry throat calls, enough of the ice will have melted to allow you a good swig of ice water without worrying about spilling it due to the pop-top. Another Kevin Tubbs suggestion.

FOR SERIOUS RIDERS ONLY (VERY HOT)

In case you hadn't noticed that there was a photo missing for this heading in last month's issue (from the letters we received, most of you did), you are hereby notified. If you would like to see what the Power Grip looks like, turn to the New Products section of this issue.

FOAM-FILLED HUBS

If getting down and digging the mud or wet sand out of the hollowed hubs of your RM Suzuki isn't one of the favorite tasks, here's cure for the situation.

Lay your hands on some closed cell foam, about 3/4-inch thick. Don't use styrofoam. The closed cells prevent crap from getting inside. Cut it into keystone shapes approximately the same size as the hub opening. Cutting it a little large eliminates any gaps. Then either force it in or, better yet, cement it into the openings. Thus, you will not only relieve yourself of a couple of extra minutes of cleaning, but will also prevent undue weight from accumulating. Idea courtesy of Paul Hale of Charlevoix, Michigan. ✪

Hi-Q PRODUCTS, INC.

Shop by Mail Free Gifts

Short Sleeve Nylon Jerseys

Team Colors

$5.99 ea.



Top-quality U. S. made short-sleeve jersey. Big cycle-action picture on chest. Great value — order several.

No. 76 Yamaha
No. 77 Honda
No. 78 Suzuki
No. 79 Kawasaki

Adult Sizes: S-M-L-XL

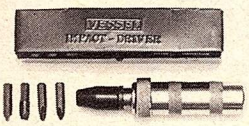
Vented Duckbill

Fits all helmets. **$2.49 ea.**

No. 48 Black
No. 49 Yellow
No. 50 White



Vessel Impact Driver



$9.99 each

Complete with 4 bits in rugged metal box. A fine precision tool built for hard use.

No. 60 Impact Driver

Team T-Shirts

$4.49 each

High-quality 100% cotton T-Shirts, with multi-colored flag and cycle design screened on. Not a cheap iron-on job — design is guaranteed to stand up. White shirts, contrasting neck and sleeve bands



Adult Sizes S-M-L-XL

No. 86 Yamaha
No. 87 Honda
No. 88 Suzuki
No. 89 Kawasaki

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Team Socks

$2.99 pr. $5.49 / 2 pr. $9.99 / 4 pr.



Cycle name and bands in team colors. Heavy, long-wearing socks give excellent protection. One size fits all.

No. 31 Yamaha
No. 32 Honda
No. 33 Suzuki
No. 34 Kawasaki

Unbreakable Lever Assembly



Guaranteed unbreakable brake and clutch lever set. Extra light weight. Fits all handlebars. Mounts without removing grips. Black. No. 35 Lever Assembly

$5.99 set

Team Caps

$4.49 each



Bright team colors. Cool heavy mesh crown, multi-color emblem. One size fits all.

No. 21 Yamaha
No. 22 Honda
No. 23 Suzuki
No. 24 Kawasaki



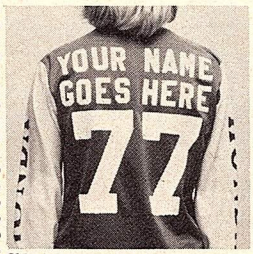
Team Emblems

WE PAY POSTAGE

4" x 2" .99 ea. 11" x 4" $1.99 ea.

No. 81 Yamaha
No. 82 Honda
No. 83 Suzuki
No. 84 Kawasaki
No. 91 Yamaha
No. 92 Honda
No. 93 Suzuki
No. 94 Kawasaki

Your Name and Number On a Hi-Q Team Jersey



Short or Long Sleeves

Your name or other message on back of jersey, in 1 or 2 lines, 10 letters and spaces per line max. 8" number (your choice) from 0 to 99. Jerseys described at left and below. Use special lines in order blank.

Adult Sizes S-M-L-XL

Short Sleeve $9.99

76P Yam 78P Suz
77P Hon 79P Kaw

NO COD's THIS ITEM

Long Sleeve $12.99

11P Yam 13P Suz
12P Hon 14P Kaw

Long Sleeve Nylon Jerseys



$8.99 ea.

Fine quality U.S. made jersey. 100% nylon in bright team colors, with cycle name across chest and on both sleeves. Top Value!

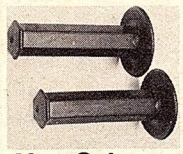
No. 11 Yamaha
No. 12 Honda
No. 13 Suzuki
No. 14 Kawasaki

Adult Sizes. S - M - L - XL

Free Gifts

$10 OR MORE ORDER, we'll send you FREE one of our regular 99-cent Bungie Cords.

$20 OR MORE ORDER, we'll send you FREE one of our regular $1.99 4-way Bungies.



Hex Grips

$2.49 pr.

Fine quality grips fit all handlebars.

No. 38 Blue
No. 39 Yellow
No. 40 Black

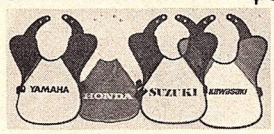
Bungie Cords



18" 99¢
No. 20
One FREE with $10 order. See above.

4-Way $1.99
No. 90
One FREE with $20 order. See above.

Chest Protector $8.99 each



Bright team Colors. One size fits all.

No. 51 Yamaha
No. 52 Honda
No. 53 Suzuki
No. 54 Kawasaki

10-DAY DELIVERY

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Heavy Denim

M/X Pants

$18.99 pr.

Team Colors

$17.99 pr.

Red, White, and Blue Stripes, No Name



Excellent quality, highly protective, smart styling. Cycle name in bold black letters on both sides. Striping in team colors. Removable hip and knee pads. Knee pockets will accomodate cups. No. 75 pants have no cycle name, are striped in vivid red, white and blue.

Sizes: CHILD 24-26; ADULT 28-30-32-34-36-38-40

No. 71 Yamaha $18.99
No. 72 Honda $18.99
No. 73 Suzuki $18.99
No. 74 Kawasaki $18.99

No. 75 Red-White-Blue, No Name $17.99



Crossbar Pad

TEAM COLORS OR PLAIN

SPECIFY 8" OR 12" SIZE WHEN ORDERING

8"-$2.49 ea. 12"-$2.99 ea.

No. 41 Yamaha
No. 42 Honda
No. 43 Suzuki
No. 44 Kawasaki
No. 45 Plain Black

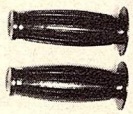
New! Utility Bag



$4.99 ea.

Durable simulated leather bag with inner safe-mounting loop. 7½" by 5".

No. 65 Yamaha
No. 66 Honda
No. 67 Suzuki
No. 68 Kawasaki
No. 69 No Name



Cushion Grips

$2.99 pr.

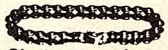
With ribbed air chamber for that super-soft feel. Black only. No. 99



Intercom $8.99

Sound-powered communication system for double riders. Makes 2-way conversation clear and easy at normal tones—at any speed.

No. 10 Intercom



Chain Bracelet

$2.99 ea.

Heavy chrome finish. Two sizes.

No. 70 Boy's Bracelet
No. 80 Adult Bracelet

Hi-Q PRODUCTS, INC.
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Abbeville, AL 36310
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Send cash or M.O. for guaranteed 10-day delivery. Checks take 2 weeks longer to clear bank. Hi-Q Merchandise Fully Guaranteed against defects in materials and workmanship. Order $20 or more and we will ship FREE!

QUAN	NO.	DESCRIPTION	SIZE	PRICE

Orders under $20 add $1 shipping
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TOTAL

Print lettering here for Personalized Jersey.

10 letters and spaces max. ea. line

Numeral

☐ Cash enclosed
☐ Ship COD; I enclose $2 deposit
☐ M. O. ☐ MASTER CHARGE
☐ Check ☐ BANKAMERICARD (VISA)

D10

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City_____ State_____ ZIP_____

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Exp. Date_____

DIRT BIKE RIDES POMEROY'S LATEST GP HONDA 500

"You know, if you loop it we may have one less GP bike this year."

by George Wegner



Wegner performs his very delicate balancing act aboard a very expensive unicycle.

It's not often that we have the opportunity to ride a late-model works bike, let alone a brand-new GP unit from a manufacturer who is currently enjoying much success in their racing efforts. They say that all good things come to those who wait. Well, we've all waited, but this time it was our turn.

THE SCENE

We had driven out to Saddleback Park to do an interview with Jim Pomeroy and put in some test time on last month's 400 Maico. American Honda had rented the course for the day to break in their latest shipment of bikes from Japan. The track surface had been prepared to its usual perfection earlier in the day. Since only Pomeroy, Smith, Croft, their mechanics, myself and Bill Sherman were using the course, it was still in fine shape even late in the day.

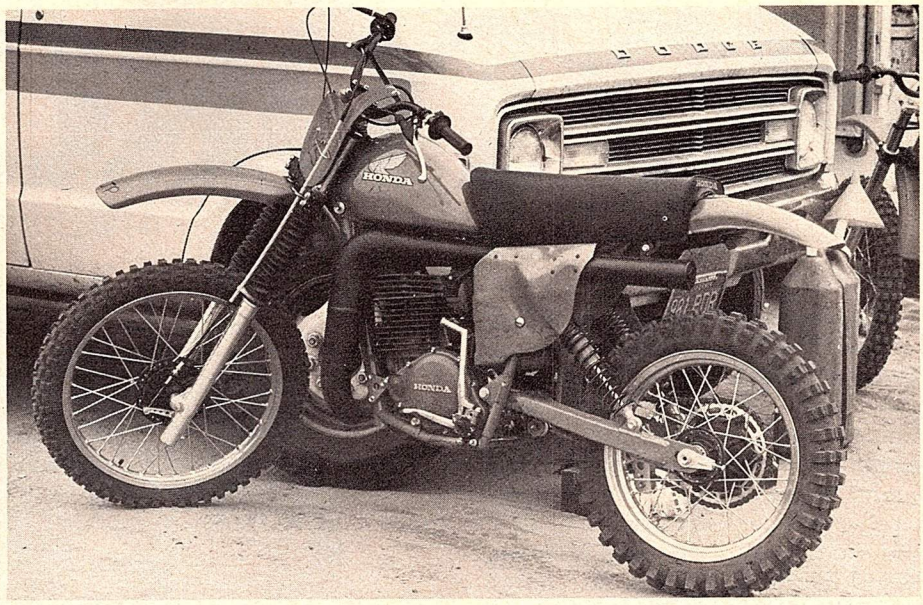
THE BIKES

These were their latest works bikes. Since the beginning of the year, American Honda has received three updated versions of the '77 model from Japan. Each time either the riders or the mechanics found room for improvement, three or four each of the 250s and 500s were built incorporating these modifications and sent to the States. Likewise, developments in Japan were also built into these machines. Honda has an excellent communication system between their riders and their designing engineers. If a rider wants his footpegs a tad higher and farther forward, they will come in that position on his next bike.

Honda's team manager, Terry Mulligan, was rather reluctant to get into specifics concerning engine dimensions and such, and with good reason. All that we could get them to say was that the 500 was putting out well over 60 horsepower.

The engine cases are sand-cast in magnesium and studded with titanium screws and bolts. A red engine seems right at home in these exotic thoroughbreds, as do the gold anodized D.I.D rims. The rear wheel is of the ultra-wide variety to get more knobs on the ground. Showa forks and remote reservoir shocks perform suspension duties and give the GPs axle travel in the neighborhood of 12 inches at either end. A full-floating rear brake with a very beefy torque arm is attached to the rear of an equally rigid-looking boxed aluminum swingarm. The pipe, tank and seat look very clean and production-like. A single plastic roller takes up chain slack when the shocks are extended.

They had brought out several each of the new 250s and 500s as well as a few old Type 2s for comparison. With all those shiny-new red machines sitting around, so few riders to get them dirty, and such a nice course at our disposal, I couldn't help but ask, "Is there even the most remote possibility that I could take one of these 500s out for a few laps?" Terry Mulligan was quick to point out: "Well, you know if you bend it up, we'll have one less GP bike for this season." I was about to say, "Well, that's OK. I had to at least ask." But then, Terry said, "If you're going to do it, you'd better get on with it because we'll be packing up shortly." KAWA-BUNGA! I had my helmet on in a flash.



Not your basic Elsinore.

OUT CRUISING

Putting my weight on the seat collapsed the suspension an inch or so. This allowed me to put both feet on the ground, sort of. I stepped off to make sure that all of the critical components were secure while Pomeroy's mechanic fired it off.

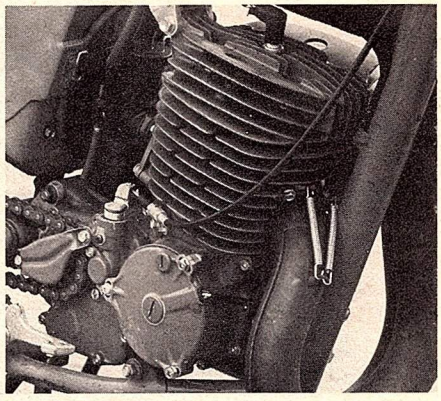
It all seems like a dream to me now. A very real and vivid fantasy come true. It was as if the bike had been set up specifically for me. But then, J.P. and I ride a lot alike. Ahem!

First, I headed over to the line for a blast up the starting hill. INCREDIBLE! Fast, powerful, and smooth too. Then I set the front wheel down and swooped onto the course. With the excellent traction available that day, it was possible to loft the front end at any time.

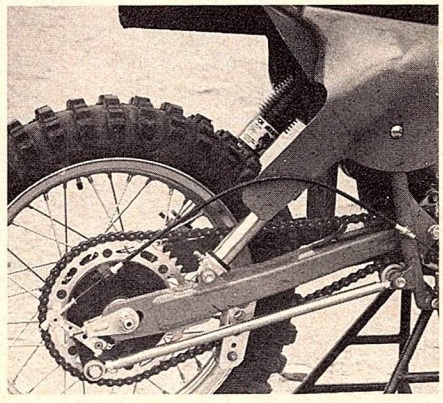
Terry had pointed out to us earlier that this was basically the same bike as the Type 2, but with some suspension improvements and a smoother power delivery.

The suspension was unbelievably plush. Never was the slightest jolting felt when landing from jumps or hitting holes. The front wheel did not flop from side to side when riding over grooves; it merely went exactly where you pointed it without the slightest bit of shock transferred up to the bars.

There may well have been over 60 horses on tap, but frankly, I didn't find too many places where I could peg the throttle. I have but one life to live, and I certainly didn't want to bend the bike. The portion of the power I was using felt like over 50 for sure. You couldn't ask for more. The rear end was always hooked up. And I mean *always*.



Timing is externally adjustable by rotating side cover.



One of Jim's bikes was equipped with these dual-pressure Fox Airshox.

In spite of the tremendous power, it was the easiest bike to ride that I had ever been on. Necessities like shifting and braking were more a thought than a physical action. Both the front and rear brakes had a better feel to them than any I have known. Little pressure was needed, and they were very progressive in their stopping action. Shifting was the proverbial hot-knife-through-butter routine. Seriously. The action was on the short side and very positive. There was never a doubt as to whether the next gear had been engaged, and no shifts were missed.

Its comparatively light weight also helped to make it very easy to ride. Flipping the bike from side to side between turns was, again, more thought than action.

The rear end seemed to go out to a point, but no farther, as the power was applied when in a slide. A definite plus feature; we wouldn't want it any other way. Like the power-slides, brake-slides were very controllable and predictable at both ends.

Overall, as you have just read, the GP handles like a dream. A very beautiful dream that I shall never forget.

Truly, the quality of production motocrossers has advanced tremendously in the past two years compared to years previous. It is all very exciting to see.

Are these bikes anything like the production Hondas due (overdue) to be released later this year? To some degree, they will have to be. To exactly what degree remains to be seen.

Clearly, Honda has some of the finest minds and machinery in the world at their disposal. Lackey, Pomeroy, Smith and Croft are likely to enjoy many victories with these machines, if luck is also with them. But then, if I had one of these bikes, I could easily . . .

MOTORCYLIN

Malcolm Smith on any Monday

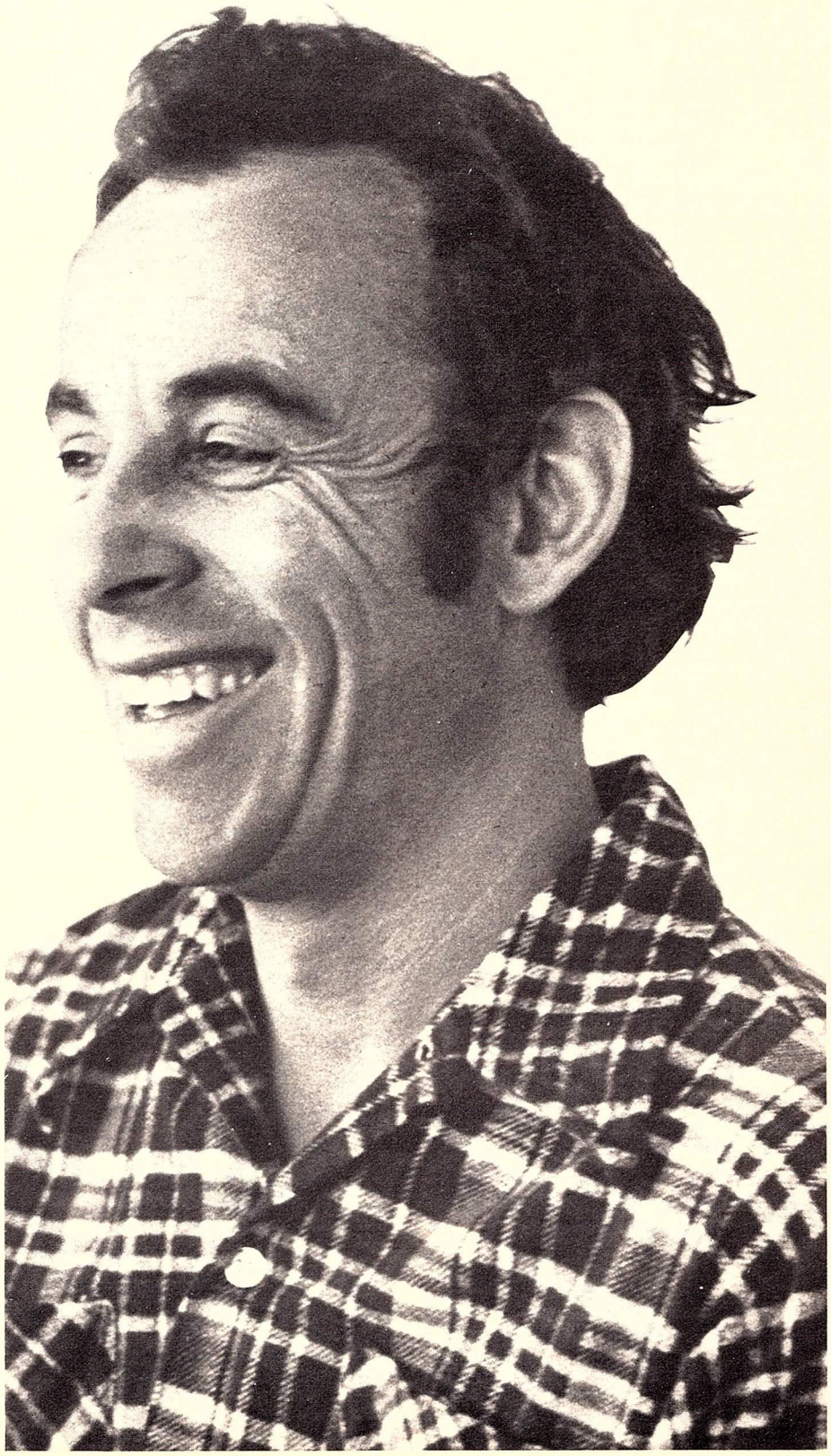
Malcolm Smith is easily American motorcycling's best-known figure. There are few of you who wouldn't know him on sight. "On Any Sunday" and a thousand photographs in various magazines have made it so. To most of us he represents a consistent figure of skill and good will, the things mom would like us to be and the things we quite honestly wouldn't mind living up to. Presented with such an exemplary and concrete image, it's easy to forget that Malcolm is a person, just like you and me. He gets up in the morning and goes to sleep at night. He worries about taxes and government and, in fact, even falls off his bike now and then.

As we curled into comfy chairs in his office in Riverside a few days ago, Malcolm slipped the door shut adjoining a busy workroom. "I get kind of embarrassed sometimes." The ever-modest Malcolm was truly nervous about talking about himself. But bikers are a gregarious breed and Malcolm was soon talking about his beginning in motorcycling.

The Malcolm Smith you know today started out mowing lawns in 1954, trying desperately to round up the cash to purchase a Salsbury scooter a friend had for sale. Malcolm was heartbroken when the bike went before he earned the money, but his mother commiserated by going halvsies on a new Lambretta. For the next two years Malcolm putted cautiously with little idea of his auspicious future.

By the time he was 15 the Lambretta was ready to give way to something more bon vivant, and Malcolm bought a used Matchless 500 single. Shortly after the purchase he rode his first hare scrambles. Through 13 crashes on the first loop alone, Malcolm began to learn one of the things which made him such a competitor later on: perseverance.

By the time Malcolm was making a success of himself on a motorcycle, he was off to college in



G'S BIG GRIN



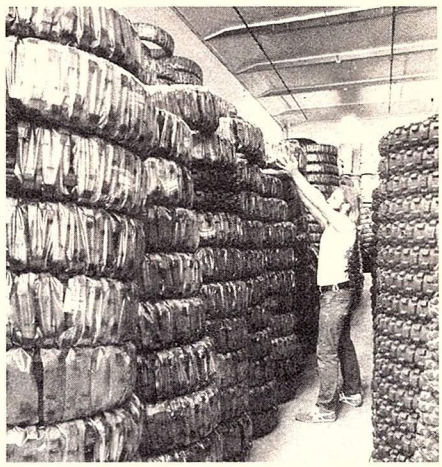
Skateboards expedite order picking and entertain employees.

pursuit of an aeronautical engineering degree. And by the time he earned it, he knew for sure that it was not airplanes he was interested in. In 1966 Malcolm was a local star and had begun his entrance into the industry by becoming service manager at K&N Cycle in Riverside. 1968 saw him purchase the service portion of K&N and, along with his newfound ISDT pursuits, help advance K&N to the top Yamaha dealer position for three consecutive years.

In 1970 "On Any Sunday" was in the making and Malcolm bought the rest of K&N. Malcolm was showing a business sense that went far beyond just using his name. In 1973 he branched out further into the wholesale aftermarket line with Malcolm Smith Racing Products. From a small warehouse next to the bike shop MSRP has grown to become one of the top distributors of quality off-road accessories, and is completely independent of the motorcycling shop which still bears his name.

One of the fruits of expansion is the new warehouse in the hills above Riverside, from which we looked down upon orange groves and up to Malcolm's own playground in the rocky hills. Out the loading door of the warehouse lie adequate plonking for his trialer and miles of hills to let the reins out on the new 390 Husky.

The future? "When I started riding Six Days I just wanted to earn more Golds than Bud Ekins. Now? I don't know, I just want to get some more. Whatever comes," Malcolm says. "I'd like to win some buggy races, too. And I like thinking up and making products." Beyond his personal Six Days aspirations, Malcolm is concerned that America adopt the position among Trophy competitors that he feels it is capable of. Harder two days, for one thing, might improve the breed.



Two-thirds of the Barum tires in the western hemisphere reside here.

Malcolm, the image of motorcyclist is certainly real, as is Malcolm, the success story. And in the evening there's Malcolm who takes Mary, his hard-working cohort in life as well as business, to a play at the Music Center. Malcolm is one of the people who have made motorcycling what it is today; he is a motorcyclist, a businessman and an individual.



Malcolm Smith Racing Products: the new building.

AS TOUGH AS IT IS HIGH

MAMMOTH MX

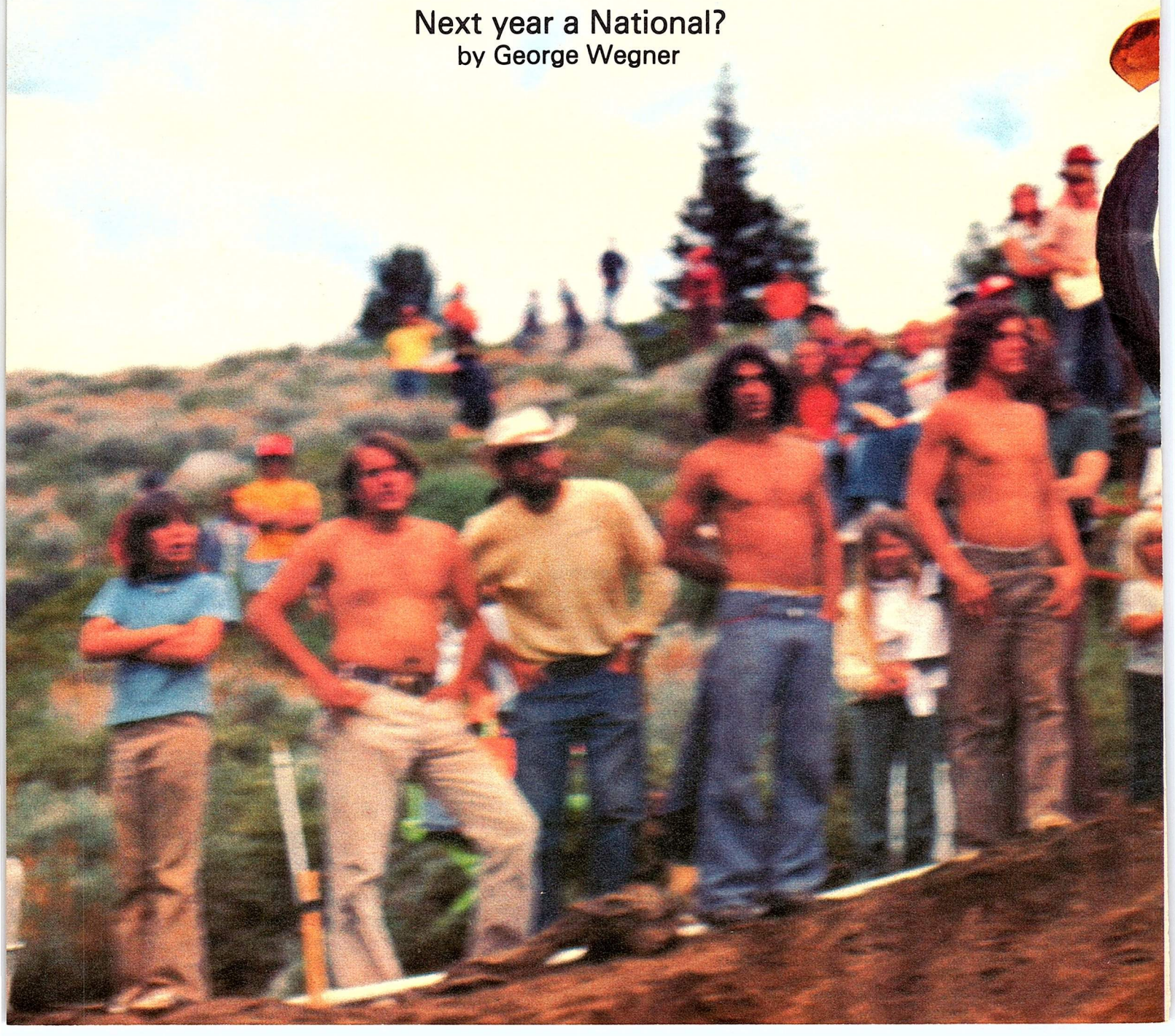
High in the Sierras, just a few miles from the town of Mammoth Lakes, lies what may well be one of the toughest motocross courses in the nation. Its rich and shifting sand-based soil is dotted with stones and guarantees plenty of deep whoops, evasive berms and raspberry roost jobs. Huge rocks were unearthed and quickly discovered on nearly every torturous lap. Solid earthy objects like trees and boulders mark the course boundaries. To make matters even more difficult, picture yourself slamming through wheel-deep whoops in the limited oxygen available at 8000 feet.

A more demanding racing situation is hard to come by. It's a serious challenge for both man and machine. That's what brings many of California's finest riders back year after year. It's a classic. To win Mammoth is a recurring dream of hundreds.

Then, too, the natural beauty of this mountain retreat is as alluring as the competition. Within these forested hills are many of Northern

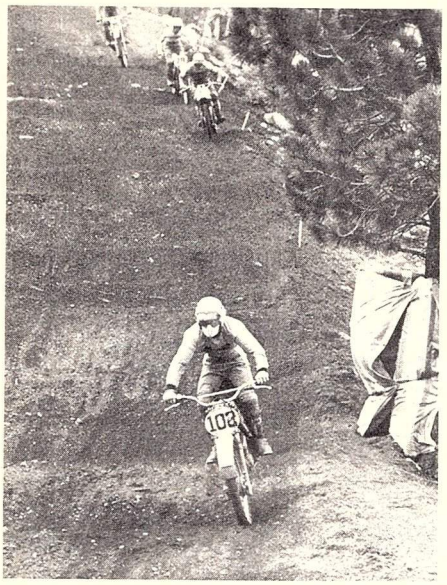
Next year a National?

by George Wegner





(Mark Kiel photo)



The downhill section put you either on the front or the rear wheel, sometimes neither. Here Gary Semics performs a front wheel stand with Mosier in hot pursuit. (Tom Johnston photo)

California's finest and most beautiful backpacking trails.

The serious approach is to arrive a week early so that you can have plenty of time to attune your bike and your body to the rarefied atmosphere. The course is open for practice up until the day before the race so that you can dial in your suspension and muscles as well.

For many, the annual High Sierra classic means a solid week of wide-open partying. When you're partially polluted and burned out on bench racing, you can head down to the local steak house and gamble on some guy who gets off by drinking 60 raw eggs.

When the amateurs have thoroughly ravaged the track, the pros move into the battle zone to ride on what's left the following day. If you're both fast and lucky, you'll transfer to the two 12-lap finals by finishing in the top ten in one of the three qualifiers of 36 riders in each displacement category. Yours truly and the rest of the unlucky or slow riders have a second chance by competing in a five-lap consolation moto. There, only the top two transfer. As luck would have it, I remained thankfully unscathed but out of the running. As many said that day, "There's always next year."

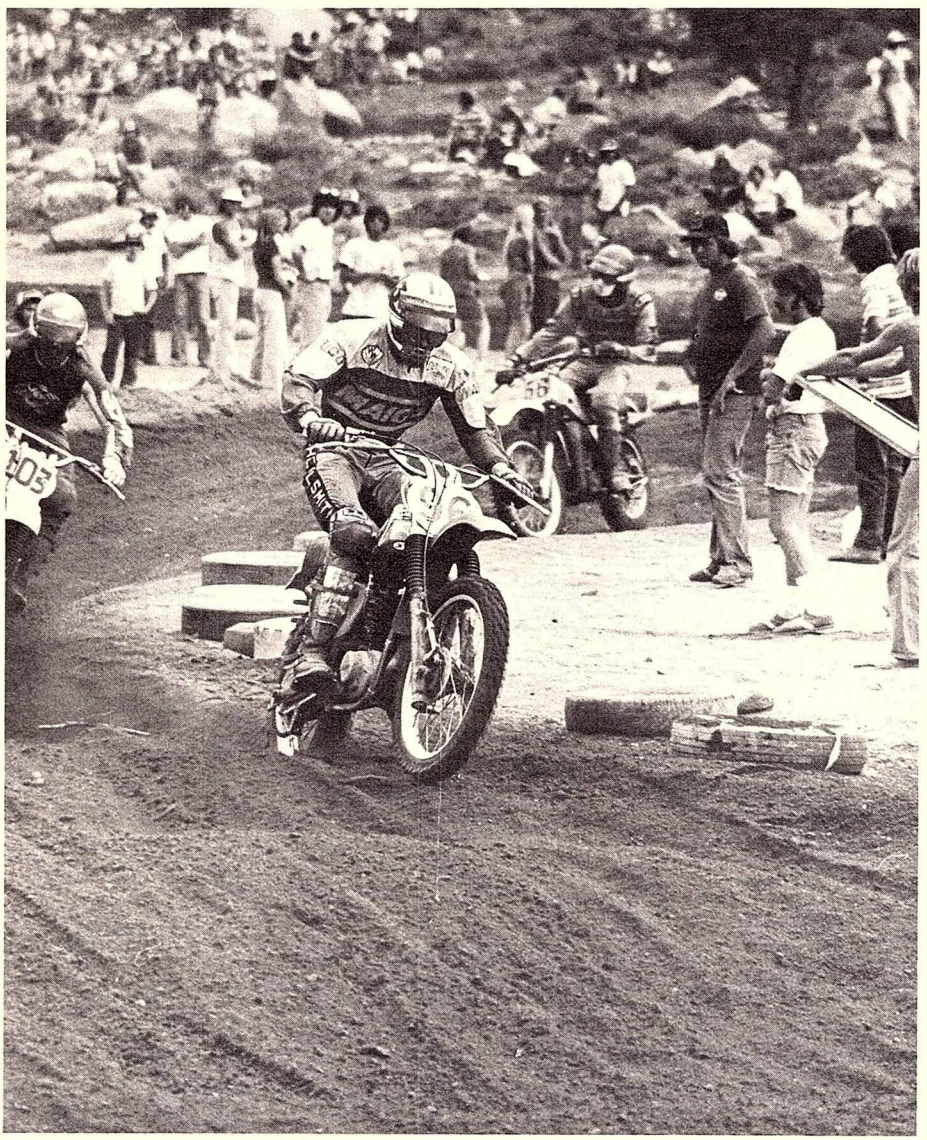
Each year the competition is stiffer. In addition to most of Southern California's usual pro scene turnout, the fans were treated to the riding displays of talented



Mike Bell landing his OW Yamaha while leading on the picturesque motocourse. (John Rocha photo)



The Mammoth Consistency Award goes to John Tessitore aboard his DG Mono. Here he attacks the uphill on the way to his first-moto victory. (Tom Johnston photo)



As part of his pre-500 National physical conditioning program, Gaylon Mosier rode both the 250 and 500 classes. The track got the better of him. (Tom Johnston photo)

athletes such as Gaylon Mosier, Mike Bell, Terry Clark, Gary Semics, Rich Eierstedt, Wayne Boyer and Kenny Zahrt. All of the big names made it to the finals with the exception of Zahrt, who unloaded heavily while riding under the influence of a strong cold.

A mild rainstorm moved in Friday night, leaving the course in excellent shape for Saturday's events. On Sunday the water trucks, sprinklers and firehoses took over to provide maximum traction and a minimum of dust.

The only rider who was able to put together back-to-back wins was John Tessitore, riding a 125 Yamaha tuned by DG. He did it the hard way — by coming from mid-pack in both heats.

Tim Worth of Fresno led his qualifier wire to wire, and won the start of the first final only to fade into obscurity when the top placings were tallied.

When the flag fell in the second heat it was Tessitore taking the overall, with Suzuki-mounted Scott Karl in second and Jack Keese nailing down third spot.

Fresh from his dual-moto Support class victory at the 500 USGP, Mike Bell was the clear favorite in the 250 class. As it turned out, the quarter-liters put on the hottest battles of the day. Greg Robertson put his Ossa in the lead and started pulling away from the pack. Bell was caught in traffic, but was

Continued on page 58

JIM



BIMBO'S BACK, PART TWO

POMEROY

More crossed-up conversation

As you recall, our interview last month was interrupted when the tape broke. Jim had just promised to reveal the true meaning of life, the location of the fountain of eternal youth and the formula for turning anything into gold. We'll pick up Jim's conversation where we left off . . .

. . . and that's it fellows. Everything you need to know. Don't forget the helium. It's very important.

Well, thanks a lot, Jim. I'm sure we and the readers can put this information to good use. Let's continue by talking about European tracks. How often do they lay them out on virgin fields?

There are regular tracks, but about 80 percent of the tracks I've been on had not been ridden for a year. It's all grass. They prepare them and you race.

How does the organization of the GPs compare to the American setup? We keep hearing about the rider strikes over there to get things improved.

Here, all the riders are bitching because every National has been really dusty. The tracks will have races on Saturday that ruin it for Sunday. The European riders are together and the organizers have to make changes. Over here, they're not together. I've come back here every year and every year they say they're going to change it, but they never do.

Should there be a riders' union?

I think there should be . . . some method. You say riders' union — that's what the AMA was organized for. For the riders. And now it's getting so political. Like if we want one rule changed it takes a whole year. If it goes through. I remember racing back in '71 and '72 before the Nationals, and the AMA was smaller and for the riders.

How does that compare to the FIM overseas?

It's political too, but the riders are together over there. They just say: we don't ride. They're older and they know they can't have a race without them. Over here, they're young and hungry. I don't think you'll see them together for another five years over here. None of the riders are old enough yet.



What is good about AMA racing and what could be improved?

It's good as far as all your stadium events. If the AMA gets more involved with the riders it can't do anything but help. There are a lot of good points and a lot of bitching points. I've been mainly bitching about how the mechanics are being treated and how major people in the industry who support racing can't get pit passes. They're

"About 80 percent of the GP tracks haven't been ridden for a year."

treated lousy; they're kicked out of places; they're just complete peons. It's sad. Like Preston Petty can't even get into a race because he has no credentials. People who are actually involved should have priority. Just like the stadium races. We can't go out and look at the track to check out what we were doing in practice. They're paying their control to keep us from doing our job as safely as possible. And the crowd wants to see us. There's only 24 of us who make the main event. Twenty-four in the whole infield is not going to hide the track. And they bitch about it: "We had to hire 39 extra policemen just to keep you guys under control." Instead of changing the rules to make things smoother for us, they hire guards.

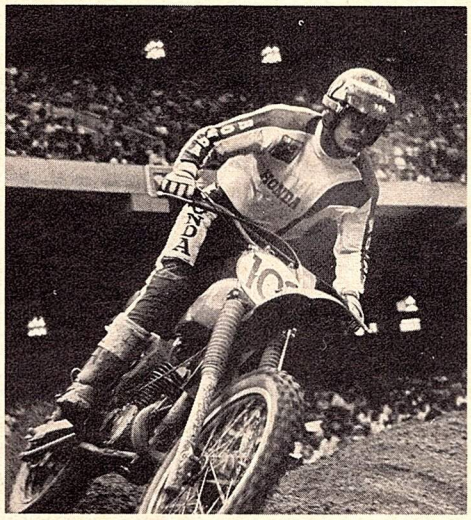




Photo by Don Jones



Goodwin always cries that he never makes any money.

What about the stadium events?

I think the purses are poor. Really bad. A National is between $15,000 and $18,000. So far the Supercross series has been from $16,000 to $22,000. Goodwin always cries that he never makes any money. I feel anything over 30,000 people is going to pay for the track expenses. I'd like to see the purse tied into the attendance — a guaranteed purse plus a percentage over a certain figure. The AMA should be able to do this for us. The AMA should support us. It seems they're more into a promotional atmosphere. We need to have it equalized to make it run right. The riders and mechanics are really getting pushed on because they're so young. There aren't that many people in the world who can ride that fast, and you have to look at it like everyone else looks at it. It *is* a professional sport.

How about the stadium tracks?

The best track I've been to so far is New Orleans. They made it pretty good. I talked to them quite a bit before the race. Promoters will bitch because the riders don't show up to do promotion before the race. OK? That goes right back to the point. Promoters should do what they do best: promote. Riders should do what we do best: ride. And make the track. Have a rider there a week or two earlier. Pay him a little extra. You have a rider there to do any promotion you want. So he's doing his job, looking over the track and doing promotions. Then you have no problems. But they don't want to do it that way. The riders and mechanics have bent so far, they just can't bend any more. The other side has to bend some.

If they just made the stadium tracks a little bit shorter, but wider, they would be a lot better for racing. It's so hard when you get behind some local guy and you can't get by him and you look like a fool following, but there's no room to pass. You train all your life to race and get on a track you can't race on.

Is there enough money for the privateer to hang on? Should there be some effort to get more?

There's not much. What I'd like to see with younger riders is a 125 deal. No one over 18 or 20 could get into it. That would give those people a chance to start because it really is hard. You can't really make that much in it. My first year professionally I lost money. I know so many who lose money.

So if the kids are competing against themselves in a 125 class someone is going to make some money.

Yeah, or even like the Support class. There should be some kind of line or distinction separating a Support rider and a factory rider with each racing against themselves. I think that would solve a lot. They're putting these amateurs right in with us instead of keeping them in the Support class. It's like the Trans-AMA two years ago. Ron didn't have enough Support points to ride that class so they put him in the International class. That didn't make sense to me. So many times they'll put you in the main event because you don't have points for a lower class.

Where is Ron now?

He's racing up north. It's too expensive to do the Nationals by yourself. After two years he was just making it. He'd rather stay home, not have to travel, and save money. He wins all the time. If they had a different category he might be able to go to the Nationals.

How long do you plan to race, and then what?

I plan on racing until I'm about 30. I said that about five years ago. I really don't know what could happen. Then I hope that my investments, in duplexes and triplexes and things, will let me go into whatever I want to. Every six months I come up with an idea of what I'd like to do. Or where I want to live. I don't even know that. I have not lived in one spot for more than three months since I graduated from high school. I send my mail to Yakima. I've been home this year for three or four weeks.

Where does your nickname, "Bimbo," come from?

That was a deal that started with my grandpa when I was a baby but it became public because of Brad. In '72 Brad came over to my house and he heard my dad call me that a couple of times.

What about hobbies and other interests?

I like almost every outdoor sport like water skiing, snow skiing, jeeping, snowmobiling, almost anything involving being active with other people. I'm not much of a night-life person, maybe a little bit but . . . but girls, they're always nice. Always.

Maybe you should be "Bachelor of the Month" in Cosmopolitan. *The girls can write in.*

Ohhhhh . . .

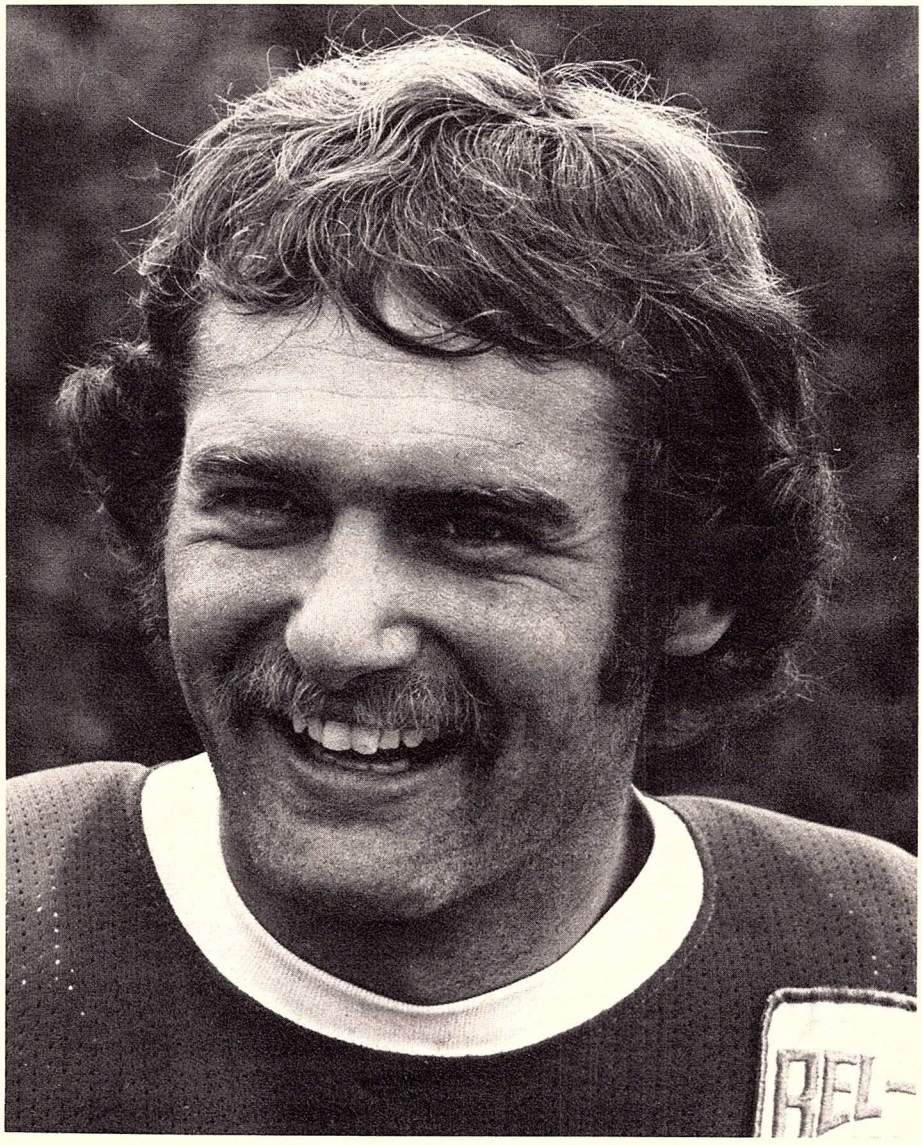
Are you ready for that? Do you have a post office box?

Geeez . . .

What about moto groupies?

Here? In the States? Shoot, there's a lot. I was into groupies quite a bit early on, but now . . . It's a turn-on for them but it's a turn-off for us, really.

But, I'm looking a lot now for nice chicks. Still haven't found her yet.



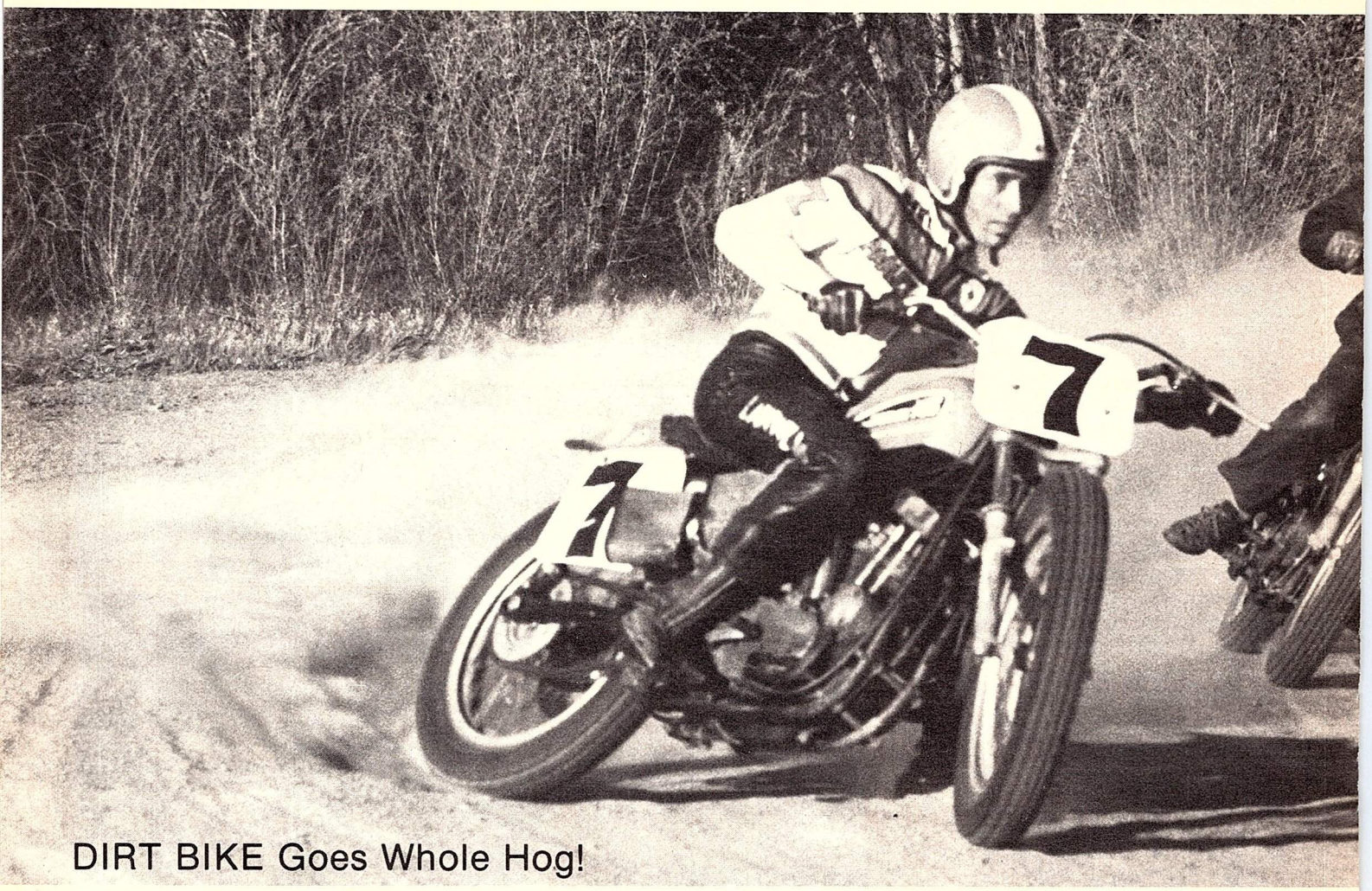
I've got an aunt in Armenia . . .

Really?

Any words for your fans?

Don't expect too much from me. The best advice I can tell the newcomers is there's a lot of time. Don't try to do it all at once. I've seen so many try and get so discouraged because they try too hard at first.

"You train all your life to race and get on a track you can't race on."



DIRT BIKE Goes Whole Hog!

RIDING THE CHAMPS

Story by Chet Carman

Photos by Liz Carman

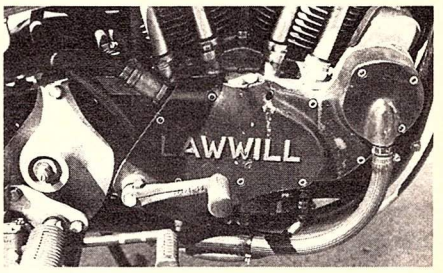
While pushing the little rented Pinto down the tow-lane blacktop for all it was worth, several questions came to my mind. Would this bike be as awesome to ride as it looked in the magazines and films? Could it really be as powerful as everyone imagines? Would it in fact be too powerful? Would I be able to handle it? Was I about to get seriously hurt?

All the while, Mert Lawwill's blue and white van was shrinking from view ahead of us, darting in and out of oncoming Macks and Peterbilts like so many lapped riders while he, C.R. Axtell and Para, Mert's mechanic, talked about whatever it is that the world's best riders and tuners talk about while advancing the odometer.

I had flown up to Oakland that morning ostensibly to meet Mert and do a story for "Going in Circles," DIRT BIKE's Class C racing one-shot. The real reason I was there was to snitch a ride on Mert's incredible XR750. A dream come true.

Brelsford, Springsteen, Boody, Beauchamp, Lawwill ... the list of those who have carved their names forever into the clay of America's dirt track circuit aboard the XR750 reads almost like Class C racing's Who's Who. This is the stuff that legends are made of. The XR750 will be talked about as long as there are people who remember American motorcycle racing. And Mert's is *the* Harley. The one that everyone else is tuning to beat.

Just as the rent-a-car was beginning to overheat, our caravan pulled into the dirt driveway of Kenny Roberts' shop near Modesto. We were going to be using Kenny's practice track for the afternoon and needed to get permission. While Mert took care of everything with the Roberts people, I wandered around the shop, looking in awe at all the frames and trick widgets piled everywhere. In one room was Kenny's monoshocked 750 dirt tracker, still filthy from the Ascot 100-lapper. Also in that room was the very heartbeat of Class C. The air there is very thin, and electric with racing knowledge. Too much for a mere



mortal like myself. I wasn't sure if I had reached the summit of Olympus or stumbled into the War Room of the racing world. This is where it all happens. I felt out of place.

We arrived at Kenny's practice track a couple of hours later. By this time, the entourage had doubled in size. The more tuners and mechanics that joined us, the more ill at ease I began to feel about trying to ride this baby. They opened the van and gingerly rolled out a matched set of orange and black Lawwill-prepared, 89-horsepower, custom-framed, immaculately tuned XR750s.

"Which one you wanna ride first?"

My uneasiness vanished. I was into



BIKES

my riding gear in record time. It was decided that Mert would warm up one of the bikes for me by cutting a few easy laps for the camera. He did.

Now you have to understand that easy laps for Mert are incredibly fast. Even when he's loafing, just limbering up a cold engine, he's turning lap times that are entirely beyond the comprehension of someone like myself. I had raced some amateur TT and half-mile on small-bore bikes a few years back, but this was another plane entirely.

He pulled in and shut her off.

"This one's geared too tall for you, we'll change sprockets before you go out."

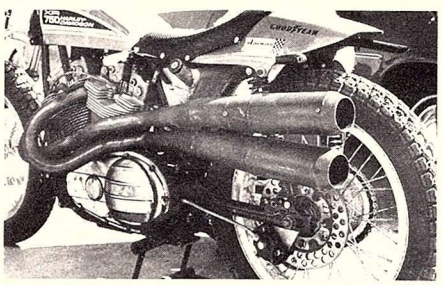
"Too tall? Listen, it *can't* be geared too tall for *me*. I hope I have to slip the clutch like hell just to get going. I hope it's *all* on top, that way I'll never see it."

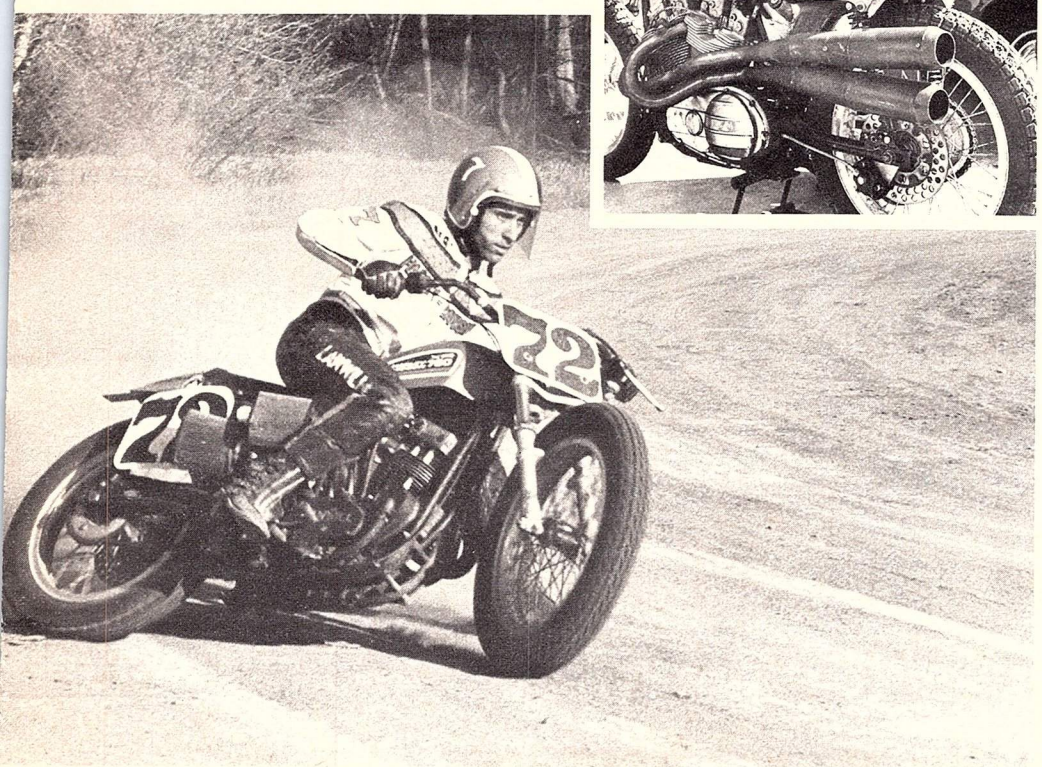
It was decided not to gear the monster for any more acceleration for The Kid. As it stood, the bike was geared for the San Jose mile, about one-thirty. I wouldn't have to worry about shifting on this smallish (about ⅜-mile track.

"It's down for low. Have fun but don't, uh . . . "

"Don't worry. I won't."

Sidesaddle, a push, dump the clutch and as soon as the pistons start to move, the engine fires. Instantly, there's that wonderful, familiar sound that only the racing Harleys have. Not only that, but there's that wonderful *un*familiar feeling that only bikes like this can give. An arm-stretching feeling, like someone pulling at your wrists.





Hard.

Throw your leg over and begin to feed in a little throttle. The initial surge of torque is not unlike that of the 600 CCM. Only more. Quite a little bit.

As the first turn came up, I wasn't really sure what to do. Gas it? Shut off? I rolled into the sweeping left with the throttle off and the speed down. The machine felt comfortable, if a little impatient to get on with it. It would be two or three laps before I would really feel like gassing it a little.

Guess what happens when you get up the hair to goose it a little? Perfection. If you're setting up for the turn when you hit it (or anywhere *in* the turn, for that matter), the tail just rolls out, over bumps, rocks, through ruts. You just position the tail with the throttle. Just like all the lies your friends like to tell you about their four-strokes. Only this one's for real.

If you're on a straight when you administer a handful of throttle, it just accelerates. Not the frightening kind of acceleration that comes on with a bang, just the kind that wells up inside and oozes out in proportion to the amount of throttle you give it. Let me say right now that it would be very easy to dial in a bit *too* much throttle on a machine like this. A klutz like me can have a lot of fun play-racing this bike but it takes an artist like Mert to ride it quickly. That much was obvious from the start.

As the afternoon wore on, my times got infinitesimally better and we all play-raced — together, separately, fast, slow. The big-time racers, it turns out, like to have fun every once in a while, just like us plain folk.

As I rode Mert's wonderful dream machine, I thought back over the Champs' Bikes series thus far. There has been a pattern that all the editors have noticed at times. The bikes of superstars are, for the most part, not *that* unlike production models, just incredibly well prepared and fairly tricked, but basically a super-good-running production machine. Just like you'd want yours to be.

Mert's Harley is like that in a way, in that the handling and power are so predictable. But there's so *much* of everything. These Big League dirt trackers aren't like *anything* else. Partly because there *isn't* anything else. These are them. These are the bikes built to win the big races with, not just to fool you and me into buying a lot of what we think are the same thing. They're for Mert and Kenny and the guys to race each other with, kind of like Indy cars for A.J. and the boys.

Mert's bike is not for you and me. The power and speed and handling and sounds and looks, while not unnecessarily hostile to yokels like us, can only be used by the few. And they already know who they are.

the SUPERBOWL of SUPERCROSS

UNSTUCK IN THE MIDDLE WITH YOU

by Rik Paul

Photos by Mark Kiel and Paul

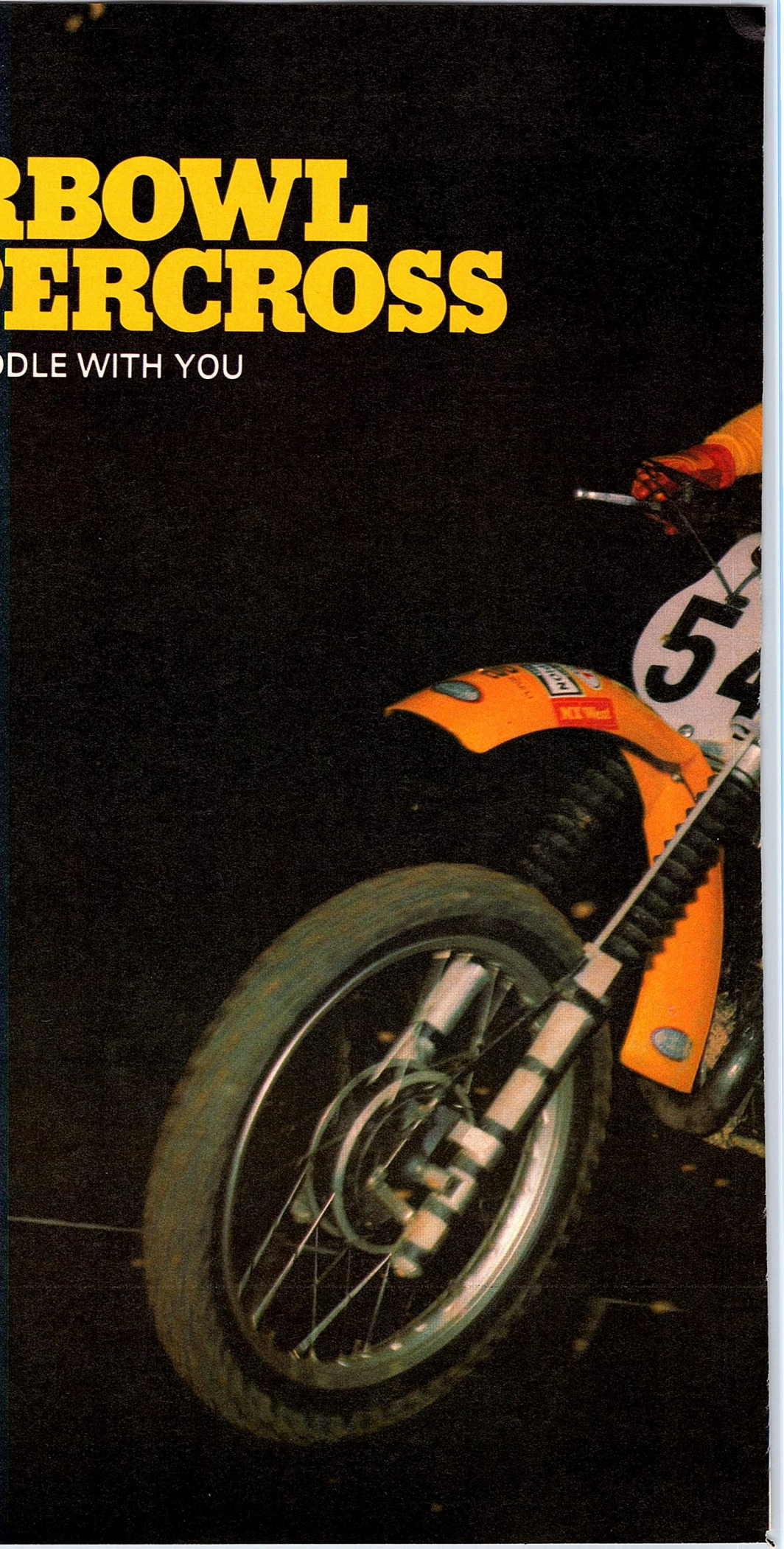
The darkness hasn't quite swept the entire sky yet, although the more impatient stars are already proudly displaying their glow. All around us a dull roar fills the air, like something solid. Although it has no direction, we know that it emanates from beyond the reaches of the surrounding track, from among the myriad of people filling the Coliseum stands. It won't be official for a while yet, but we know the count will come to a little over 60,000, down over 10,000 since last year. It makes no difference from our perspective at the center of the bowl, the roar is just the same.

"Hey, you! Sorry, not allowed up there." We are perched atop the back of a large man-made berm behind several plastic-covered hay-bales, awaiting the start of the first heat race, and our position is unacceptable to one of the track officials.

Before we can move to a more agreeable spot, however, we hear a more highly pitched, more intense roar than the ever-present drone that surrounds us. We know the first race has finally gotten under way. A swift flow rapidly approaches us across the infield, but even as Gaylon Mosier leads the pack through the first turn and into the huge man-made whoopdies toward us, we've noticed movement out of rhythm with the flow back before the first turn. Several riders have gone down. One is Bob Hannah.

* * * *

"Looks like Hannah will wrap it up tonight, huh?" an already slightly slurred voice loudly bellows to another standing next to him. We've edged our way through the





Jeff Jennings, night flying. (Tom Corley photo)

crowded press room, over to the man standing behind the bottle-lined table in the corner. "A Tequila Sunrise, please," I say. The man looks dismayed. "How about just tequila and orange juice? This isn't a real bar, and I just do the best I can," he politely explains. So I nod affirmatively.

If you are puzzled, let me explain. We're playing Billy Pilgrim. We have become unstuck in time. Admittedly, our range is a bit limited. We seem to be unstuck only around this night of the Superbowl. A pity.

"Yeah, that's right," the slurred, bellowing voice to our right continues. "If Bimbo wins, ol' Bobby only has to take third to wrap up the whole series. And hell, if Jimmy doesn't win, Hannah doesn't even have to do that." A full laugh. "He's got it in the bag." With drinks in hand, we begin edging back across the room.

* * * *

"The starts are where it's at. If ya get a bad start, it's all over." The young jerseyless rider shifts his weight and looks down at the ground a moment. All around us is the usual activity one finds in motocross pits, although much more concentrated, due to the smallness of these sitting behind the peristyle end of the Coliseum. "That's why I don't like this stuff too much, myself. It's just banzai racing. No time to make a mistake. No time for strategy. The heats are too short for that stuff, ya know?"

* * * *

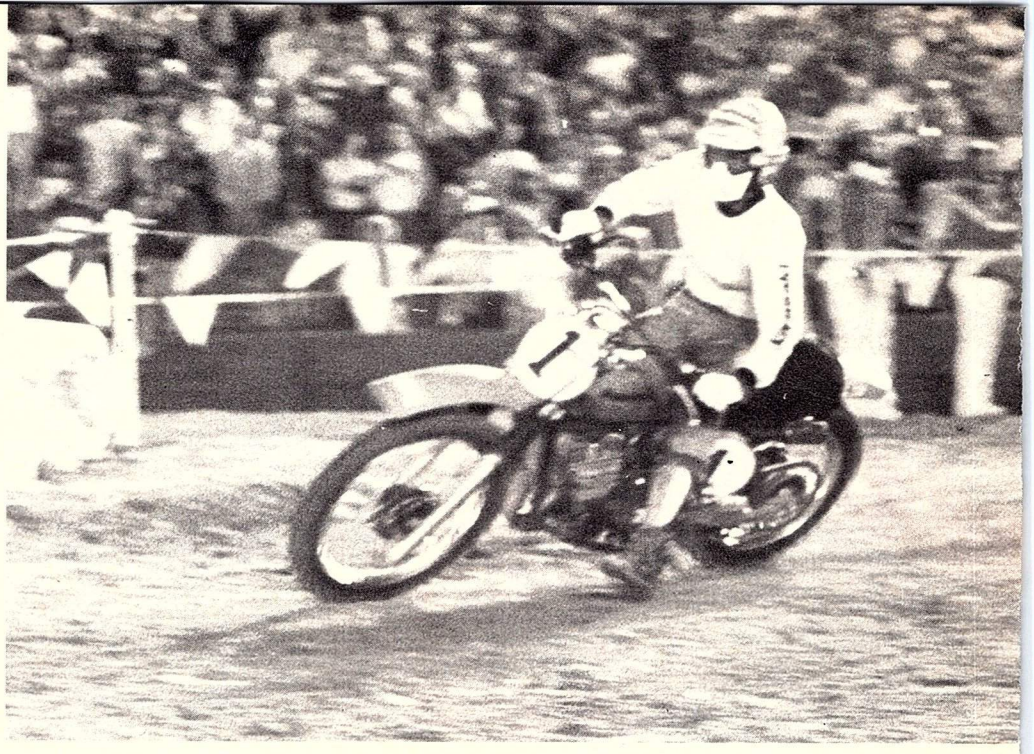
While Mosier, Croft and Staten had already opened up nearly a lap and a half lead on him before he was again under way, Hannah immediately began charging back. Putting on one of the finest race displays of the night, and drawing the crowd's attention from the leaders, Hannah passed rider after rider and has just slipped into 15th position, where he will finish, the last that will transfer to a semifinal.

* * * *

"One crash and it's all over," the young rider sighs.

* * * *

The excited voice of announcer Larry Huffman booms throughout the stadium. "No one expected



No one looked for much from Marty Tripes (558), now riding a Harley. Nonetheless, he won his qualifier over DeCoster and was a strong contender in the first half of the final.

Marty Tripes to be leading. Like a scene out of '72 and '73, look at him go!" It's the third heat and Tripes is indeed going. With a commanding lead that only DeCoster is nibbling away at, he is well ahead of Jimmy Ellis, Steve Stackable and Jimmy Weinert, the strongest field of any of the four qualifying heats. DeCoster will draw close by the end but will run out of time. Tripes will win the moto.

* * * *

"Goodwin's Gorge." I skim through a crinkled press release that I picked off the floor. I'm sitting on the edge of a small table, at the Harley show being held across the street from the Coliseum. "Riders are devoured by the seven-foot-deep, 25-foot-wide yawning cavity . . ." the release reads.



Photo by Dale McFann

Roger charged all night, contrary to expectations, with uncomfortable results . . .

* * * *

I set my still-half-full tequila and orange juice down on a table, with no intent of picking it back up. How it can be both too syrupy and too strong, I don't understand. The press room has thinned a bit, as people have begun drifting out. A man with thick black-rimmed glasses and a light blue shirt is talking to another standing next to me. "Now Ellis! He was jumping quite a bit in practice. I'd have to put my cards on him. He could very well take home his third one tonight. God knows Tripes won't."

* * * *

"It's too dangerous," a rider gasps, fresh in and wide-eyed from a brief practice. "There's going to be too many crashes. Why do they build 'em like this? Why don't they make 'em for a race, instead of a demolition derby?"

* * * *

George Ellis, Jimmy's father, looks disgusted. Word has just been sent that Jimmy won't be competing in the main event. His frame broke in the qualifier.

* * * *

This time Hannah has led from the start. It's the first semifinal, and only the first two will qualify for the main. Kent Howerton and Gary Semics have been engaged in a moto-long battle a short way behind Hannah, a battle which has riveted the attention of the crowd, drawing several responses each time Howerton has tried to get past Semics. Finally there's a large uproar as the Texan literally slips under him in a turn, tires side by side in one line. It's the last lap, and as a result Semics will not qualify for the main. Instead he will have to ride, and will easily sweep, the consolation heat.

* * * *

The crinkled press release goes on to call attention to the fact that this is the first Superbowl in which the new heat format is in effect. I've read it before. But I skim through anyway. Eighty riders start. Four qualifying motos, with the first five of each transferring directly to the main. Two semifinals consisting of each qualifier's 6 — 15 places, with the first two of each going to the main. Then finally the consolation heat and the final. I unconsciously let the paper slip from my fingers back onto the floor.

* * * *





Photo by Dale McFann

The Hurricane makes up ground after his starting mishap.

The sudden roar is different this time only in that it is accompanied by the brilliant and colorful flashes of fireworks overhead. The main event has begun, and Pomeroy, Tripes, Smith, Stackable and Weinert fill the front.

* * * *

"Well, what did you think of it?" Coffee has just been served. We ordered tea. I notice that the clock on the back wall is creeping slowly around to three a.m. It seems to be more of an accusation than a question. I shrug in answer, and look with disdain at my cup.

* * * *

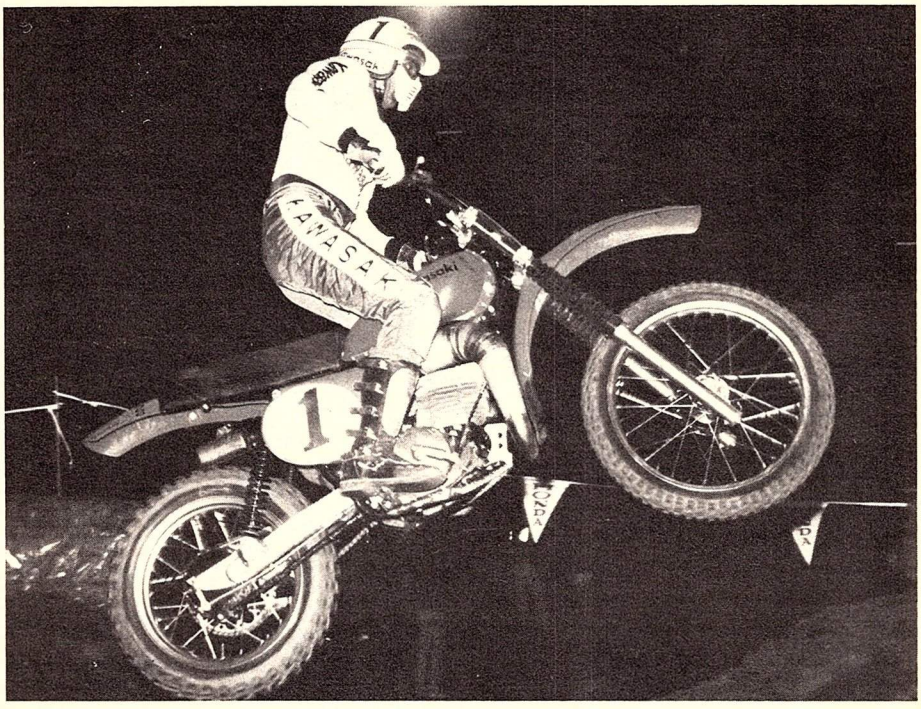
Tripes was beginning to fall back, even as Hannah and LaPorte were moving up. Smith and Stackable were still running strong. Weinert had worked his way up to right behind the leading Pomeroy, only to slide out in a turn, dropping him back several places. He immediately jumped back on and repassed two riders on the uphill.

* * * *

"It's a stunt show. Not a race. A demolition derby on two wheels. They design the course for crashing, not for racing. The kind of crowd that comes here; that's what they eat up. It's not a motocross crowd. They don't appreciate the racing."

* * * *

The air, already alive with electricity, fills with cheering as 60,000 people rise to their feet to



Jimmy Weinert, obviously very hungry for the Superbowl win, came back from a crash in his qualifier to take the last transferring position, and back from another crash in the main to take the overall win.

herald Weinert shooting past Smith on the front straight, passing him for the second time in the moto. His sights now turn to Pomeroy.

* * * *

"Sure, the riders go for it. It's a big night for the factories. There's TV, the works. They're hungry for the PR. The factories put the elbow on the riders to perform. Then they go out and crash, and everybody loves it except the riders."

* * * *

Weinert has closed the gap to only a couple of seconds and Pomeroy has been feeling the pressure. Suddenly Pomeroy sails over a large jump, loses his control at the base, and falls. The crowd goes wild as Weinert skirts around him and takes the lead. Pomeroy rises on his knees with his head in the dirt. Several more riders zip past.

* * * *

The Yamaha mechanic points to

Continued on page 68

FAMILY HAT TRICK

THE LAMPKIN BROTHERS

The pound is down, but the sun may never set on the Lampkins

by Len Weed

Archive photos courtesy of MOTOR CYCLE

With a record of success in national and international motocross, the ISDT and the Scottish Six Days Trial, the three Lampkin brothers easily deserve recognition as the first family of off-road motorcycling in Great Britain. Here's a look at the talented trio.

Arthur Lampkin, age 39. He got the family on two-wheelers, building up a 500 from nothing when he was about 15. He won the British 500 motocross championship in 1959 and also topped the 250 class in 1961. His record in international motocross includes ten Grand Prix wins and a runner-up spot (with a larger gross point total) for the world championship one year.

Arthur also rode six ISDTs on both the British Trophy and Vase teams, earning four Gold Medals and one Silver. He achieved a rather unusual distinction one year when he was a member of both the British Motocross and Trophee des Nations motocross teams, as well as the ISDT Trophy team. The oldest Lampkin won the Scottish Six Days Trial in 1963 aboard a 250 BSA and posted three wins in the best known (and most difficult) of timed observed trials, the Scott. As this is written, he is leading in the British Sidecar Trials championship series.

Weekdays find him at the family machinist business in Yorkshire where he's in partnership with his father, Arthur Alan, Sr. A second generation of motorcyclists is in the making under Arthur's roof. John, 14, is an avid and talented schoolboy trials rider. Stephen, 12, is an all-around athlete who participates in football (soccer), golf and rugby. So far he hasn't tackled the two-wheelers, referring to trials as being "too easy." David, eight, is his third son.

Alan Lampkin, age 32. Everybody calls him Sid. It's a family nickname, its origin shrouded in mystery, at least to the outside world. Sid followed in his brother's footsteps as a triple-threat man. He refers to his three Gold Medals, three retirements record in the ISDT as "make or break." He's missed just two Scottish Six Days since 1960, recording the last four-stroke victory in 1966, aboard a 250 BSA Bantam. He has placed in the top ten in world trials regularly,



Martin.



Arthur climbing Lock Eil Path in the '61 Scottish.

with one world championship win, scored at the 1974 U.S. round at Saddleback.

Sid stopped motocrossing in 1972 after signing up with Bultaco for trials. 1966 was his big year. In addition to winning the Scottish, a real thrill because it meant beating Sammy Miller right in his prime, Sid also won the Scott Time Trial that year, as well as the 500 MX British Experts. This single event, apart from the national championship series, was the most prestigious of all scrambles events on the Isles. He also gave the near-unbeatable Jeff Smith (two-time world motocross champion) his only defeat in the BBC Television Motocross Series one year.

Sid joined the family business at 16 and has been Managing Director since 1972. His family includes two girls — Georgina, eight, and Sarah, five.

Martin Lampkin, age 26. He rode his first trial four days after turning 16, taking third Novice on a 250 BSA Bantam. Four months later he won the Best Newcomer award in the Scottish Six Days. He made it an SSDT win by each of the three brothers in 1976, winning by 17 points. This year he won again, by a record 31-point margin.

He has ridden two ISDTs, but "they haven't been able to manufacture a bike that will stick together for six days for me." Actually, his second ride did produce a Silver Medal. But the initial effort was the interesting one. He rode a Suzuki TS250 Savage, the street enduro. "What a bloody camel." The bike lasted until Friday, when the engine fell out of the frame. It reappeared at a bike show with a sign: "The man that rode this machine is actually still alive."

His motocross career was a bit abortive compared to his brothers'. "I did motocross but I was a bloody threat, you know. I thought me life was going to come to a very rapid end. I think it only happened once, but I remember passing Sid. Very spectacular. I wasn't on the machine at the time. Then there was the fast course with the big jump where my handlebars snapped. I had bought a 400 Husqvarna and the prize money



Photo by B.R. Nicholls.

Sid.



Photo by Dave Wilcock

Arthur, with passenger Colin Pinder.

wasn't worth getting your leathers mucked up. I was coming on in trials and I thought my career was trials. Sid and I were riding works Suzukis for a while. We signed with Bultaco near the end of 1971."

Motocross' loss (?) was trials' gain. Martin won the 1973 European (world) championship and did the double, also winning the British championship, only the second rider to do so, the other being Sammy Miller. He also won the first official world trials championship in 1975. He's won 16 world championship trials to date.

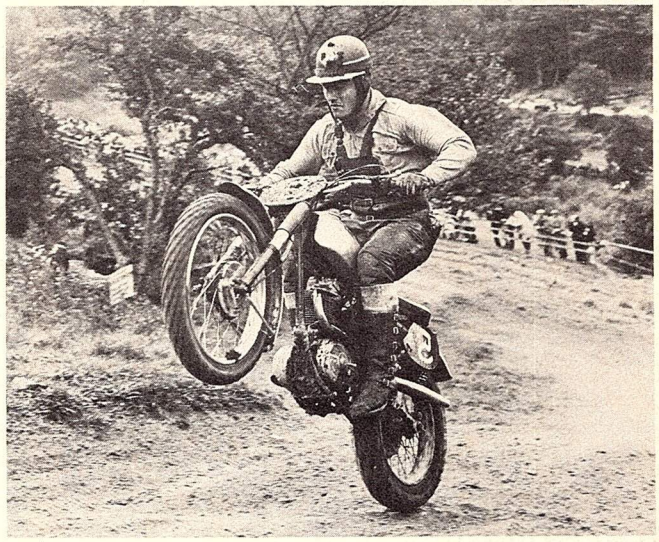
His biggest satisfaction from competition is not the world championship but rather winning the Scottish in 1976. It meant the family hat trick and his parents were there for the presentation. One remaining goal is winning the Scott Time Trial. He's finished second for the last three years.

"Aren't you going to ask me what my biggest disappointment was? Bloody Saddleback Park. Going all the way to America for the first time for that bloody mess. The organizer had obviously put a lot of effort into it, except they made the biggest cockup ever by having policemen to observe. And then we went through this gumbo. It was a farce. It should have been scrubbed. You can't blame the organizers for the bloody weather, but they should have had experienced observers. [*Editor's note: Heavy rains turned the adobe clay soil into wheel-stopping goo. A dispute over requiring AMA membership for observers was resolved by using a police motorcycle club with no trials experience.*] At Rhode Island, I had a bad result but it was good, and Washington, I won that, it was fantastic. I definitely enjoyed it. You're making up for the first year."

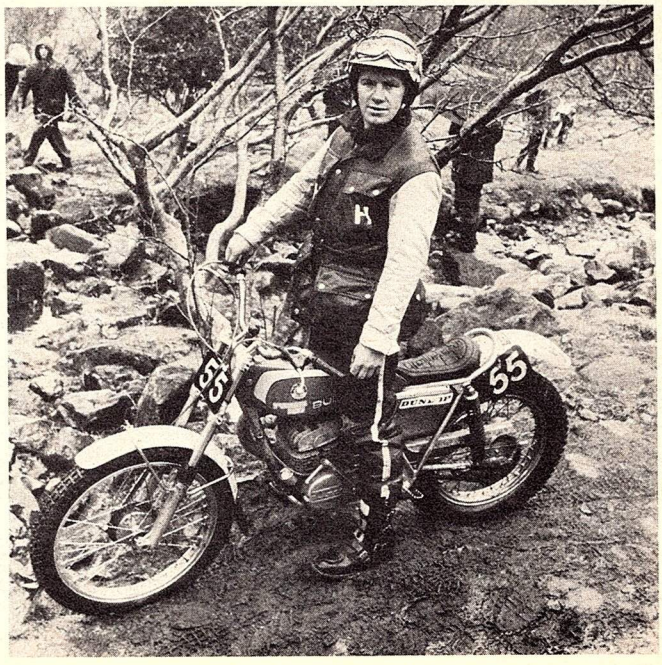
Some comments about the Scottish Six Days: "It's different than the ISDT. You can't compare them. The ISDT is just hard work from start to finish. The SSDT is just double hard work. If some of the foreign riders don't care for the Scottish, it's because they can't do it, isn't it? Let's face it. The Scottish is without a doubt the most difficult thing to win. It's more difficult to win the Scottish than it is to win the world championship. It isn't all riding, isn't always doing well in the sections. It's the mental ap-



Martin, earlier this year, en route to the widest victory margin ever posted in the Scottish Six Days.



Arthur scrambling in 1963.



Sid at the '77 Scottish.

proach, saving the bike, keeping on time which we'll say no more about. You're not going to get the Scottish handed to you on a silver plate. You don't have to go half as fast as you do at the Spanish world round. It's difficult because it's cold and wet and it's extra hard work. A foreigner will win it eventually. There are slippery streams everywhere in the world."

The rumors about never practicing: "They're true, more or less. I don't particularly like it, but I won't say I've never practiced. I'm riding more or less two days a week in England. My week starts on a Monday morning. The machine is washed and stripped down. It's usually built back up by Thursday evening. If you call going out on Friday and testing your bike for a half-hour practice, then I practice. I do physical training only if I enjoy it. I only do competitive things like squash or golf. I go swimming, but we always have a bit of a race. I set off running on me own. I thought it was bloody miserable, I didn't know what to do with meself. I'm sure 40 minutes of competition on the squash court is a lot better than running four miles every night."

The indoor trial in Finland earlier this year: "Oooooh, it was bloody awful. I want something natural. I'll never bother riding over a bloody Volkswagen again. That's enough. The reason I went was to show people who didn't know that there was some skill involved."

What's ahead? "As long as I'm riding competitively, I think another four or five years of world trials. Then what? What's good, with the state the world's in. I don't think it's just England. I think it's what's ahead for everyone."

Martin and wife Isobel are working on their own second generation of Lampkin trialsters. Douglas was born last year and they're expecting again.

A record of two world trials championships, seven ISDT Gold Medals, two national motocross championships, one national trials championship, four Scottish Six Days wins, four Scott Trial wins, ten motocross Grand Prix wins and 17 world trials wins is certainly an enviable one. It all started more than 20 years ago. With young blood on the way it's hard to forecast when it will end. If ever.



John and Uncle Martin at the 1977 Scottish. John will tackle his first Scottish in 1980. Right now he has his feet full with a skateboard his uncle brought back from Michigan.



Sid on a 441 BSA in 1967.

Photo by Stanfield



Arthur at the 1965 Scott Trial.



Sid at the Scottish in 1976.

HUSQVARNA'S 390 AUTOMATIC MOTOCROSSER

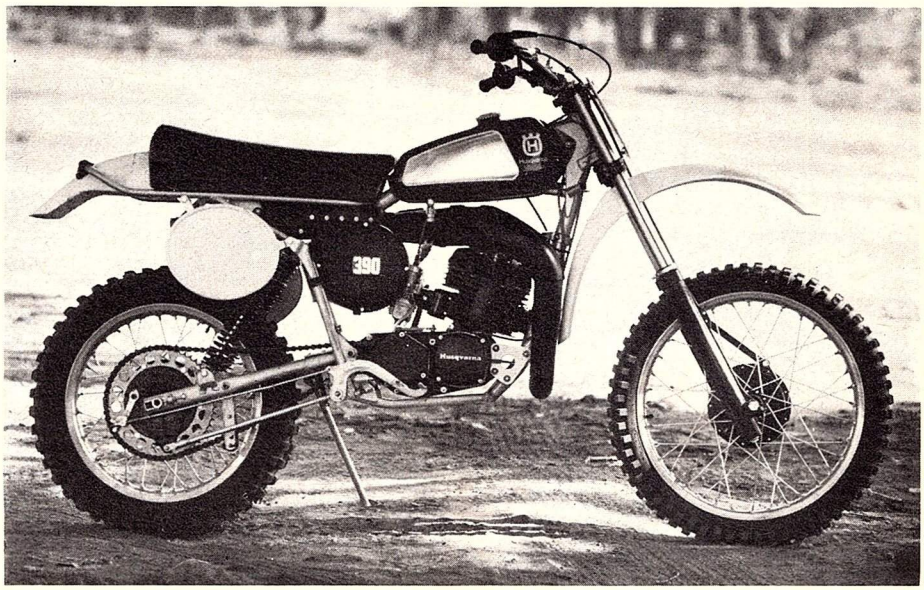
Behold, a new open class champion

by the Staff of DIRT BIKE

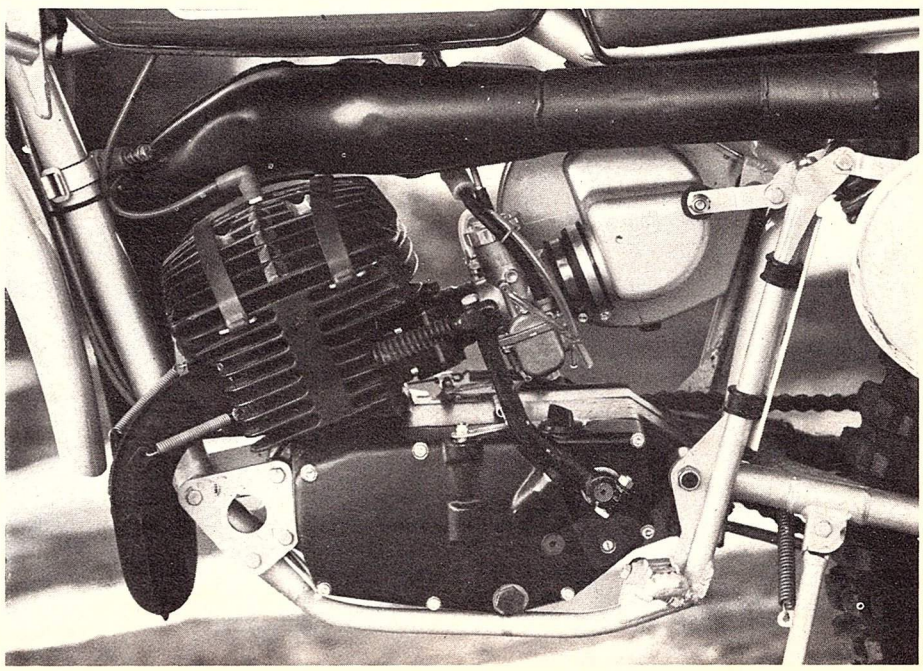
The introduction of the 390 Automatic not only marks the availability of the lightest, best performing and most reliable automatic motorcycle ever made, but it is also the first *competitive* automatic motocrosser as well. Since we first tested the 360 Auto back in '76, we had been hoping that a slightly quicker and less expensive version would appear. Something that would seriously turn some heads in the world of motocross. This is the bike.

Husky's new MX Auto bristles with utter functionalism. It is obvious that there is not an unnecessary bit of metal anywhere. In fact, the Auto looks quite naked. As if something must be missing, especially in the centermost portion of the bike. The only things that are missing are unnecessary, like the clutch and shift levers.

Husqvarna's automatic-shifting transmission is truly a unique unit. Their system uses four preselected gear ratios which are utilized through four centrifugal clutches separated by freewheeling devices. When engaged, each ratio offers *a direct gear drive* from the crankshaft to the countershaft. As the rpm increase each gear in turn engages and transmits power to the rear wheel. The end result is that the trans is always in the correct gear for the speed the bike is traveling, and maximum power is

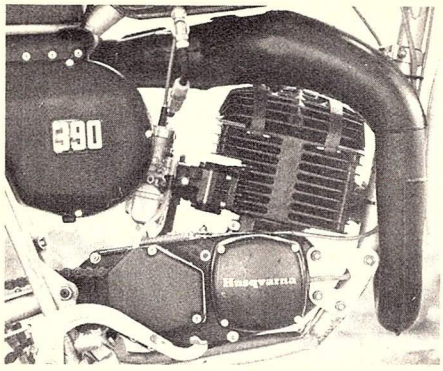


Stark beauty. The Autocrosser has everything you need and less. Bar, peg, seat relationship is excellent.



Draining and refilling the transmission can be done without the use of a funnel or knee pads. The Mikuni carburetor performed flawlessly. Footpegs have plenty of teeth. More bikes should mount their sidestands like the Husky's.


DIRT BIKE
Husqvarna
4

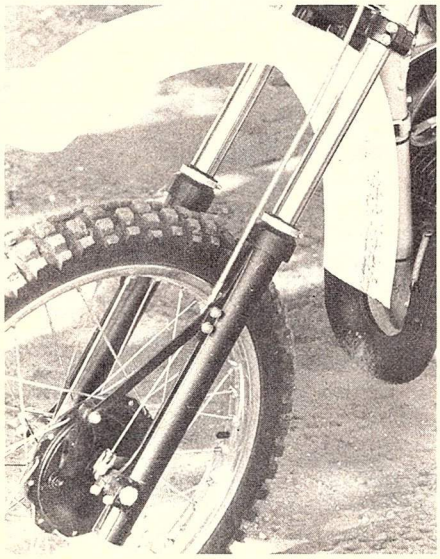


Brake pedal is easy to find yet out of harm's way.

transmitted to the ground with an absolute minimum of traction lost to wheelspin.

Backing off on the throttle allows the clutches to gradually lose speed, downshifting as they do. Reapplying the power automatically puts you in the proper gear. Engine braking is only experienced when in fourth gear. But, as soon as the engine speed decreases enough so that the transmission downshifts to third, the freewheels between the other gears will begin working again and engine braking will cease. After a short time on the Autocross the lack of engine braking will be of little importance, as you easily adapt to the riding style requirements.

For a complete and detailed explanation which includes a four-color illustration, dig out your June '76 issue and turn to the 360 Auto test. The transmission is really very simple in design. All of the components can be removed from the cases without splitting them and while still mounted in the frame in a matter of minutes, with surprisingly few tools. Those Swedes don't mess around.



The finest stock nine and a quarter inches of travel available.

A very potent 384cc engine occupies the space in the cases just ahead of the Autoshifter and the area directly above. Although ours was officially a '77, its cylinder had been ported to '78 specifications. The traditional single-ringed piston reciprocates within the massive cylinder finning. Fuel and air mixing requirements are handled by a 38mm Mikuni that comes complete with choke lever. Their usual eight-petal reed valve is used to gain better low-end performance, lower fuel consumption and to minimize the risk of flooding the engine.

An efficient air filtering system is found clamped to the rear of the carb and bolted to the frame. Its vertical plane arrangement eliminates the possibility of foreign matter entering the intake tract. Way to go. The plastic cover has been redesigned so that it will accept accessory filters which offer a larger filtering area for long-distance events.

The 390's cross-through exhaust system does an excellent job of passing gas and muffling. This is surely the quietest open classer in existence.

To get things popping, a Motoplat pointless CDI comes attached to every Auto.

Aside from the crankcases and transmission, the Shiftless Wonder is actually identical to the CR version.

Husqvarna's new leading axle forks are the finest front suspension units to be found on any production motorcycle. They use neither topping springs nor bushings at the tops of the sliders. The final few millimeters of extension is progressively slowed hydraulically. To absorb vibration and minimize rider fatigue, the handlebar clamps are mounted to the crowns through rubber cones. Because of the swept-back design, this cushioned system provides a shock-absorbing effect as you ride. It all adds up to a fork with excellent feel and impact absorption with a full 240mm of travel.

Rear suspension performance is controlled by Gas Girlings made to Husqvarna's specifications. These are not your basic off-the-shelf, blue-bodied specimens that are sold as accessories. The difference in performance is like night and day.

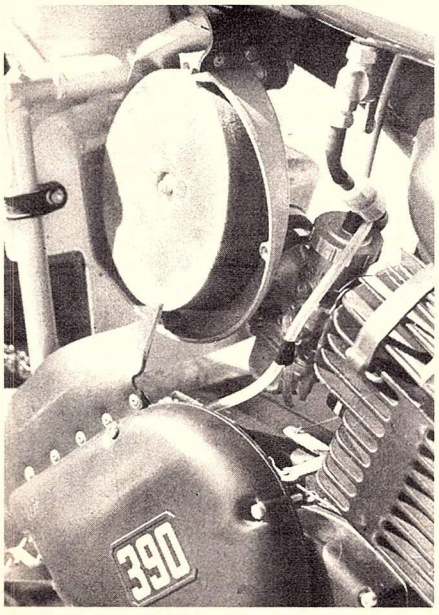
HUSQVARNA 390 AMX

Price (approx. retail, West Coast): $1995
Engine....Two-stroke single, reed valve
Displacement 384cc
Bore & Stroke.....83mm x 71mm
Compression Ratio 11.5:1
Carburetion .....38mm Mikuni
Standard Jetting:
Main 430, needle jet Q-8, needle position 4, pilot 45
Horsepower..41 hp at 8000 rpm claimed
Clutch.....Four centrifugal clutches
Primary Drive ...37:63 straight cut gears
Overall Transmission Ratios (crankshaft: rear wheel):
1. 17.30:1
2. 12.85:1
3. 10.20:1
4. 8.49:1

Final Drive .....D.I.D 520G
12-tooth countershaft
53-tooth rear sprocket
Air Filtration .....Oiled foam, Twin-Air
Electrics .....Motoplat CDI, pointless
Lubrication .....Pre-mix 32:1
Recommended Fuel .....Premium
Recommended Oil ..Pennzoil, Castrol R
Fuel Tank Capacity:
7.8 liters (2.0 gallons)
Frame ..Single downtube, chrome moly
Suspension:
Front: Husqvarna telescopic forks with 240mm axle travel
Rear: Gas Girlings (Husqvarna spec) with 254mm axle travel
Starting .....Kick
Wheels & Spokes:
Front: Akront "green" with cross-3 shouldered spokes
Rear: Akront "green" with cross-3 shouldered spokes
Tires:
Front: 3.00x21 Trelleborg 544
Rear: 4.50x18 Trelleborg 544
Dimensions:
Wheelbase .....144.6cm (56.9 inches)
Swingarm length ..47.0cm (18.5 inches)
Ground clearance.32.4cm (12.75 inches)
Bars, height ....117.5cm (46.25 inches)
width .....86.3cm (34.0 inches)
Pegs, height .....46.0cm (16.0 inches)
width.....47.0cm (18.5 inches)
Seat height .....94.0cm (37.0 inches)
Fork angle .....29 degrees
Weight:
106.8 kilos (235.0 pounds) without fuel; 44.4 percent (104.5 pounds) on front, 56.6 percent on rear.
Brakes:
Front: 160mm, cable-operated, conical
Rear: 160mm, rod-operated, full-floating, conical
Silencer.....Yes, quiet too
Spark Arrestor .....None
Warranty ...60-day Husqvarna warranty
Parts Prices:
Piston $42.00
Ring $6.00
Brake pedal $9.00

The dual-rate, dual-spring arrangement uses 140- and 180-inch/pound springs to support the bike and rider combination while keeping the rear tire hooked up. These shocks perform equally as well as the best Japanese-made remote reservoir





shocks found on production machinery. That's saying a lot. Actual rear axle travel is just over 250mm.

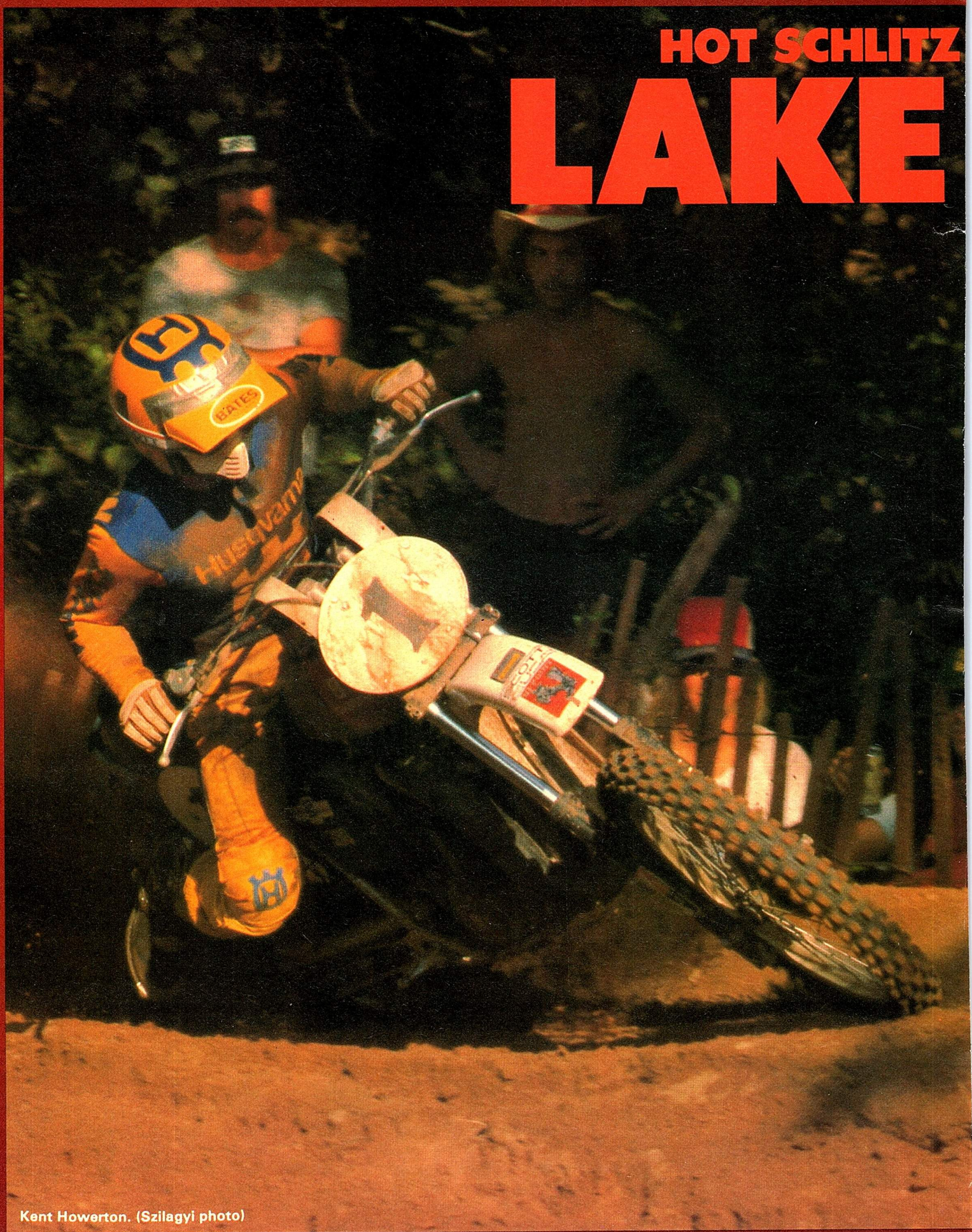
Husky's top-notch GP chassis is found connecting the fine engine and suspension components together to give the ultimate in production bike handling. All GP frames are made of Swedish chrome moly and are guaranteed against breakage for life — provided that you don't cut loose on it with an axe or wrap it around a tree. The feat of frame breaking will be rewarded by the presentation of a new frame. Rather than mounting the rear of the engine to the frame in the usual manner, Husky's engineers have designed the rear mounts into the engine cases. When cinched between the frame with the swingarm pivot bolt, this structural arrangement is very solid. This is the same setup used for their 125. Very nice.

Akront's latest green-label rims are used both front and rear. They are laced with shouldered stainless steel spokes in a cross-three pattern to a proven set of hubs.

Since there is seldom to never any engine braking, you can quickly appreciate the importance of a good set of binders (especially on an open classer). Despite the fact that they are very strong, they are not at all grabby. Their action is very smooth and progressive. You are never in doubt of what the wheels are doing in any braking situation. The Swedes are obviously quite aware that a great motor and chassis with

Continued on page 64

HOT SCHLITZ LAKE



Kent Howerton. (Szilagyi photo)

AND SUNBURN AT WHITNEY

. . . and for the finale, Steve Stackable will cook an egg on his helmet

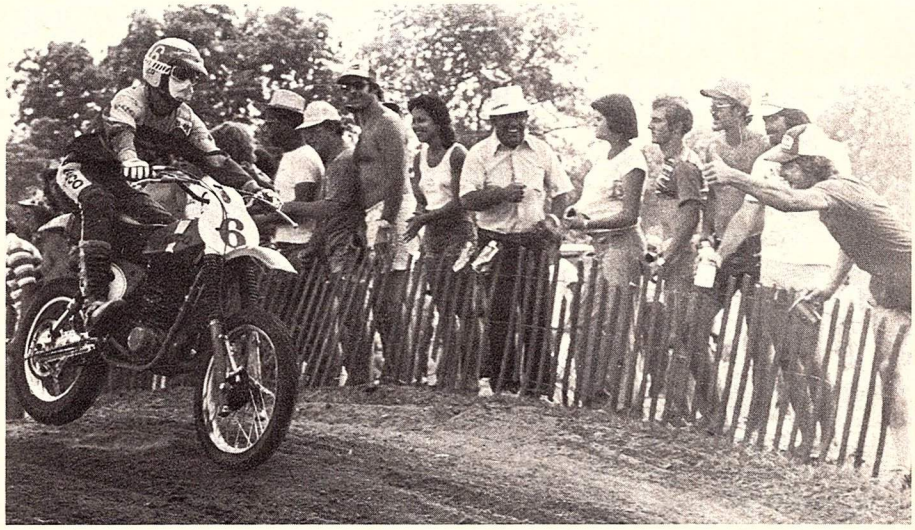
Story and Photos by Pete Szilagyi

Something unexpected happened at the Lake Whitney, Texas, 500 National season opener. Steve Stackable won both motos and almost made it look easy. It wasn't particularly unusual that Steve won the event — he's been one of the top circuit riders for four years and is one of only a handful who could reasonably have been expected to pull it off — but the strange fact was that one person could dominate the racing so thoroughly.

Consider these facts. Most pro riders think the 500 National series is the most prestigious. There is much fame and money to be had for winning or doing well in the 125 and 250 series, to be sure, but the 500 is the horsepower class, the *class* class. With most of the machinery possessing surplus power, it is more one-on-one racing. A rider's speed down the straightaways is limited only by the *cojones* factor.

And look at the riders on hand at Whitney, all eager to get a good start in the series, and all beginning with a clean slate: the top ten in last year's 500 chase, in order, Kent Howerton, Gary Semics, Stackable, Pierre Karsmakers, Tony DiStefano, Rick Burgett, Rich Eierstedt, Tommy Croft, Gaylon Mosier and Chuck Sun. Add to them Jim Pomeroy, who spent last year in Europe, and Bob Hannah and Marty Smith, who had to sacrifice 500 points by competing in the 125 Nationals. Two-time 500 champ Jim Weinert, unfortunately the Joe Namath of professional motocross, broke his arm practicing the week before Whitney and did not make the trip.

Some attributed Stackable's dominance to the heat. The official weather bureau high temperature for the day was 100 degrees, but a newspaper reporter who brought

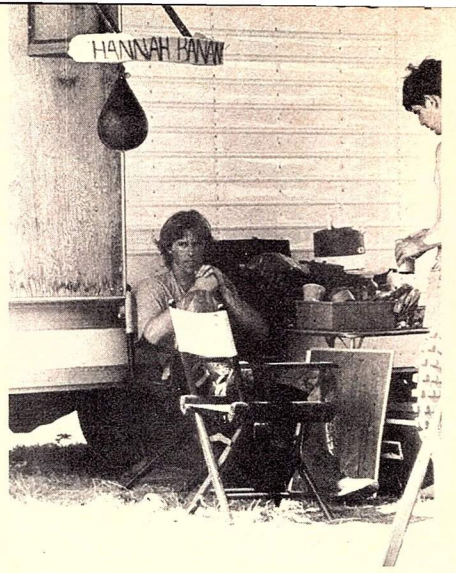




Marty Smith roostertailed his way around the track for a third and fourth for third in National points with 38.



Stackable laps Gary Jones, who has gone full circle — back to a Yamaha.



"Hannah Banana" ignored his punching bag and took his aggressions out on the track, finishing fourth overall.

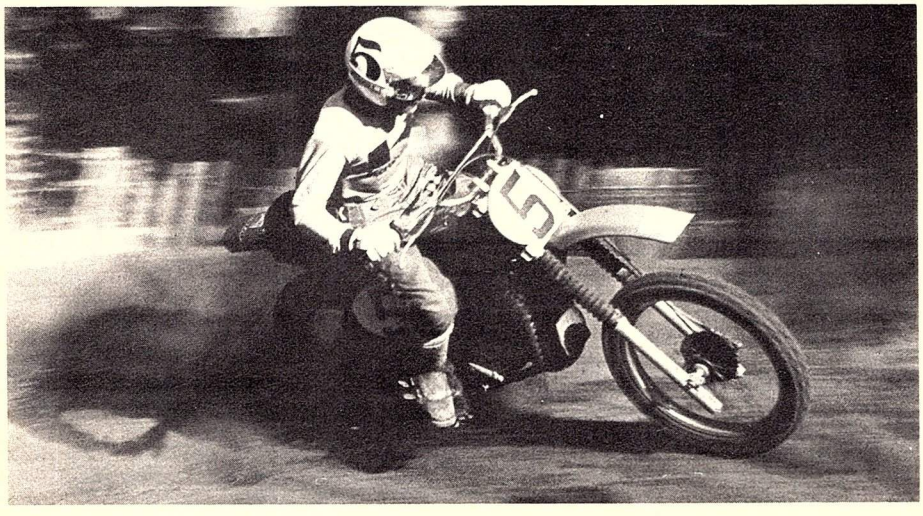
along a thermometer said it was 112 degrees in the sun — where the track is. Anyone who was on hand would probably claim it was hotter. Others called Stack's win the result of a highly biased crowd of 8000 noisy Texans. Who but a Texas boy like Stackable could take such heat, and who wouldn't run like a scalded ape when every corner had people hanging over the fence giving the WFO signal? These were surely factors, but something special clicked in Steve Stackable's brain that sultry Sunday morning — something so special that the motocross team managers of the world would trade half of Japan to know what it was.

Pre-race posters and advertising materials generated by Lake Whitney Cycle Ranch virtually ignored Steve, but featured photos and drawings of Kent Howerton, 1976 500 series winner and also a Texan. But when the star showed up at the track he was complaining about an intestinal virus that had laid him low and hospitalized his wife.

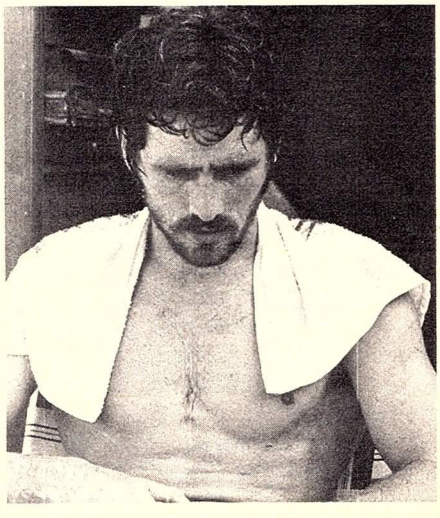
So, when Kent got swamped in the rush for the first turn in moto one it was understandable. After one lap Stackable had already lost second-place rider Marty Smith, who was being dogged by Rick Burgett, Gary Semics and Tommy Croft. Jim Pomeroy and Bob Hannah were in mid-pack and moving, but the defending champ was still back there riding single-file and inhaling lots of dust. It would have been easy to write off Howerton in this moto, especially in view of the fact that the top half-dozen riders quickly put a lot of real estate between themselves and the crowd back in the combat zone. About a third of the way through the moto, however, Kent began to do some serious traveling and was soon in the company of the top ten, then the top seven. Burgett had fallen back a couple of places and was tearing up Whitney's wide sand corners like a sideways bulldozer, while Smith and Hannah systematically peeled the tops off berms built higher each lap when Burgett and the other excavators came through. Semics and Pomeroy were in the thick of things and riding as smooth as a Buick.

Hardly acting like someone who should have been home in bed, Howerton picked off each of these riders and found himself in second place and gaining on Stackable, who had slacked off the pace slightly in the interest of common sense. At the end Steve still had a comfortable margin.

The second 500 moto was run in



Semics with picture-perfect form through the sand. He won the final three 500 Nationals in 1976.



Gaylon Mosier contemplates his tenth-place first-moto finish. He wasn't exactly thrilled about it.



For most of the first moto Howerton was winding his way through traffic and eating lots of dirt.



No cool European mountains for Pomeroy this summer. He traded it all for 100 degrees, dust and a reliable bike.

the worst heat of the day, between five and six p.m. Back in the hollows where a goat would have had trouble maneuvering, much less a water truck, dust hung in the air. Spectators sipping warm beer touched their sunburns gingerly and wrapped wet towels around their heads.

When the gate dropped, Stackable's Maico and Howerton's Husky were the first away, drag racing the 100-plus yards to the first turn with Karsmakers' Yamaha just a wheel behind. Kent took the outside, Steve the inside. Steve hooked up leaving the corner and led the race throughout.

As always happens when motocross is run under extreme conditions — mud or intense heat — the cream quickly rose. Those who weren't in shape or whose systems were not able to deal with the unrelenting sun dropped out or fell way back and prayed for the white flag to come out. To the top 12 rose the factory riders, with DiStefano and Karsmakers uncharacteristically bringing up the rear and, again, Howerton, Hannah, Smith, Burgett and Pomeroy attempting to keep Stackable in sight. They finished in that order, all traveling ungodly fast considering the circumstances.

It seemed like every 125 rider within 500 miles entered the Support class, and the start of the program was delayed for some time while several 125 qualifying motos were run. Unfortunately, all but one rider wasted his time. Mike Bell, the new Yamaha team member from Lakewood, California, had not qualified for the National class, so he was put aboard a 125. Bell started around 30th in the first moto and banzaied his way through all that traffic to a spectacular win. The second moto wasn't nearly as difficult for Bell, who undoubtedly left his new employer drooling over the prospects for the future.

The Whitney National left two questions unanswered. Such was the perfection of Steve Stackable's effort that the inevitable question arises: why doesn't he win more often? And if this is how Kent Howerton rides when he's sick, what will happen when he's healthy?

RESULTS

1.	Steve Stackable (1-1)	Maico
2.	Kent Howerton (2-2)	Husqvarna
3.	Marty Smith (3-4)	Honda
4.	Bob Hannah (6-3)	Yamaha
5.	Jim Pomeroy (4-6)	Honda
6.	Rick Burgett (5-5)	Yamaha
7.	Billy Grossi (8-9)	Suzuki
8.	Gary Semics (7-10)	Kawasaki
9.	Gaylon Mosier (10-8)	Maico
10.	Rex Staten (12-7)	Harley



A pair of Number Ones, DiStefano and Howerton, discuss life at the top of the heap, where the pressure is really on.



While over 100 Support riders were riding qualifying motos, Stackable stayed in the pits and cherried out his Maico.



OSSA

A left-handed compliment . . .

Imagine that the year is, oh, say about 1958. The scene is anywhere in small town America, just barely on this side of hicktown. The neighborhood kids, that loose gang consisting of everybody between the ages of nine and twelve, amuse themselves by riding around on heavy balloon-tired Schwinns, the ones with the pseudo-springer front ends. This is before Stingrays, before the era of ten-speeds. Maybe one of the kids has a three-speed. "English racer" is what he calls it.

This group of kids amuse themselves around the neighborhood. They collect deposit bottles in the park, kill frogs down by the stream and, as often as he'll tolerate them, they stop by to see Mike.

Mike Mahoney, high school dropout, 17 years old, is the terror of the parents on the block. He is a "greasemonkey," a "hood," and a racer.

Every weekend Mahoney hauls his '48 Ford out to the stock car track on the edge of town. He doesn't win often, maybe never. He uses the track, the beer, the dust, the crowds and his car to buy himself a little freedom, to catch the trailing edge of a bigger world.

And, as a fringe benefit, he accepts the adulation of the kids.

Mike Mahoney was, even in 1958, a member of a dying breed; his kind is now nearly extinct. His racing was private, he received no money from supportive parents, no technical assistance from a sponsoring shop. His life may at times have seemed a bit sordid; not enough money to date the prom queen, too busy working after school to get into sports, but jeez, when he got it drifting on that track . . .

Were he around, still 17, in 1977, Mike Mahoney wouldn't be found at the motocross races.

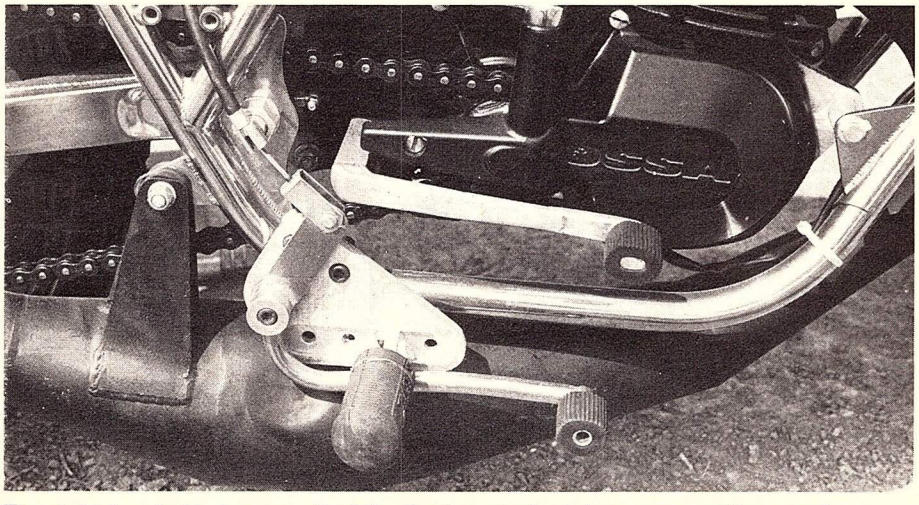
If he were into bikes at all, he would be riding Class "C," and he would be comfortable there.

Class "C," short-track in particular, is to MX as street fighting is to Kung Fu. No better or worse, perhaps, but *different.*



SHORTTRACKER

By the staff of DIRT BIKE



The right-hand side houses all of the foot controls, takes some getting used to for the uninitiated.

And Ossa has a history of involvement, successful involvement, in short-track.

DIRT BIKE, on the other hand, doesn't. We don't have, at present, a single staffer with any competition experience in Class "C."

After spending a day with the Ossa, however, a few hinted that they might remedy that situation, given the chance.

The Ossa 250 short-tracker is a combination of tried and true components. There is little radical in either design or execution. It does, however, in our own amateur opinions and in those of the more seriously sideways test riders we brought along, work. Well.

The engine is basically the same unit found in the GP III Phantom. Porting has been changed, but is still similar to the successful older Ossa Dick Mann Replicas; when you get ideas from Buggs, you are very careful about changing them. Ratios in the five-speed gearbox have been changed also, to suit the gearing to short-track demands.

The frame? Silly of you to ask — it's a Champion/Red Line designed for the Ossa powerplant.

A Banke exhaust system handles the engine's exhalations. Wheels are Kosman, and a new mechanical disc with a special over arm bracket takes care of slowing, stopping and brake-set-up slides.

Suspension is Ceriani in front, S&W in the rear. Compared to the average motocrosser the Ossa is low, with a seat height of just 30 inches, and light, weighing in at only 195 pounds dry.

The Ossa's wheelbase is variable from 52½ to 55 inches, to allow changes to suit different tracks. The rear shocks can be fitted to any of four positions on the swingarm.

And how does the uninitiated motocross or enduro rider ride a fully competitive short-tracker?

Carefully. Very carefully.

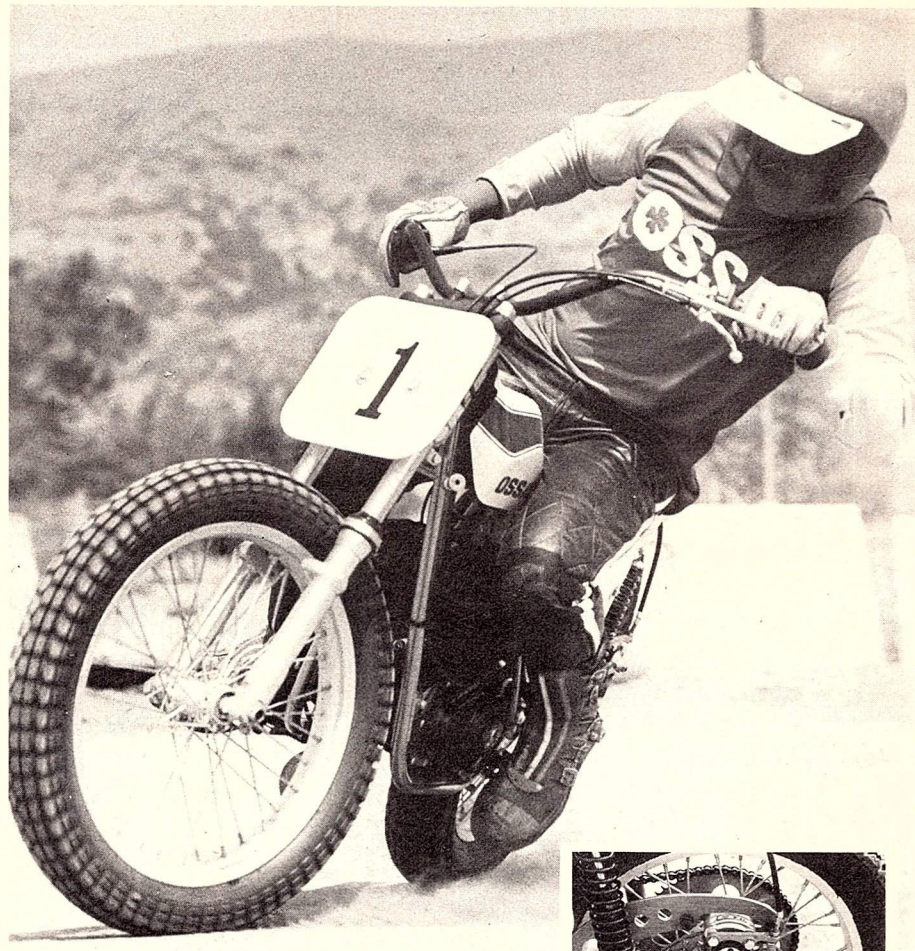
In fact, our first few laps on the Ossa consisted of little more than gassing it down the straights, only to slow down and carefully squirt the rear end out for the corners. Not stylish.

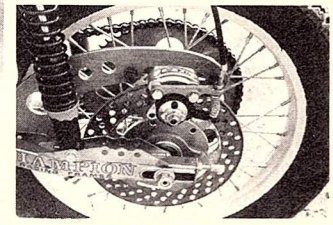
Under the steady tuition and ridicule of Ossa's Steve Keull and Rick Trait, we began to learn. By the end of the day, though most of us weren't turning in any hot laps, we began to feel comfortable with the machine, began to appreciate the thrill inherent in and the constant alertness necessary for short-tracking.

As we said earlier, the Ossa works. It is gawdawful fast, very stable in a slide, and fun, exciting, to ride.

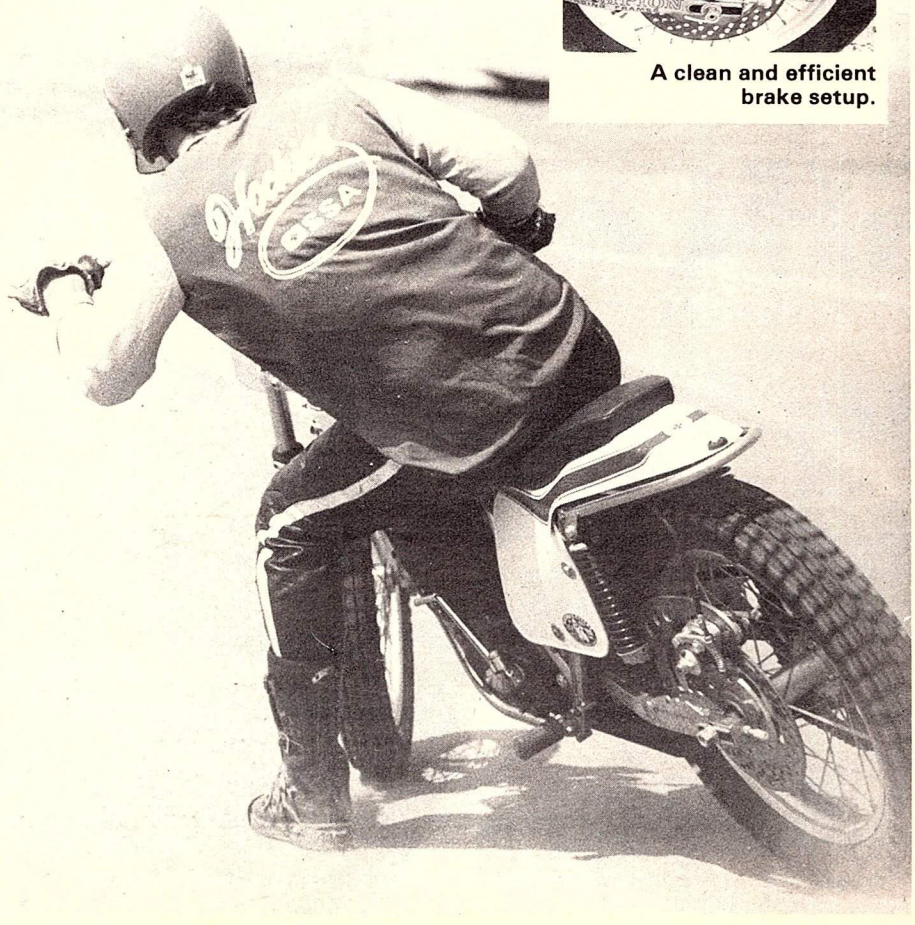
We had test riders along, too. Guys with experience in this frantic form of racing. They confirmed our own somewhat amateurish opinions.

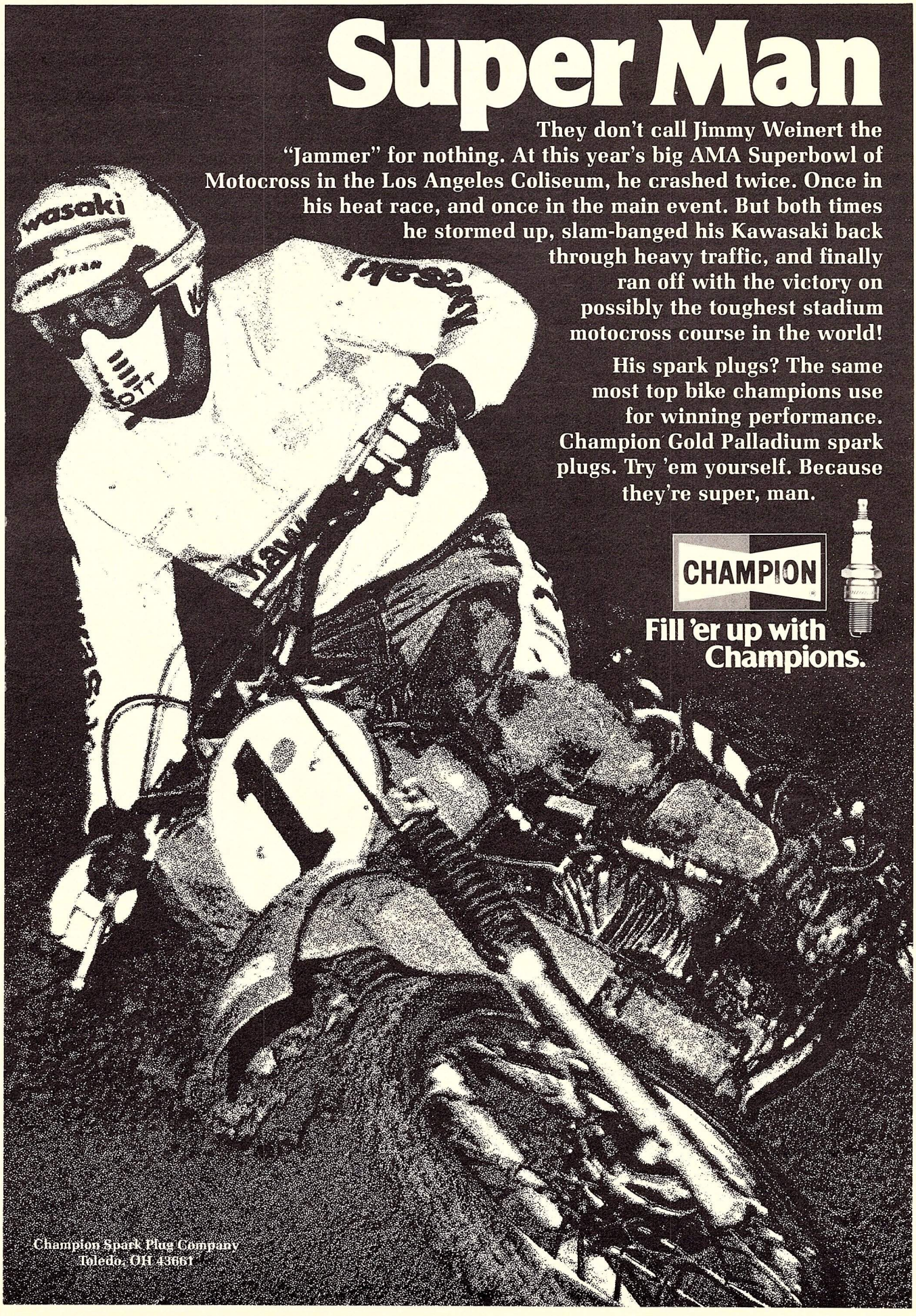
Mike Mahoney would have loved short-trackin'. The lights, noise, crowds, the whole adrenalin rush thrill of it. And, once he progressed to the point where he knew what he was doing, Mike might well have bought the Ossa.





A clean and efficient brake setup.




Super Man
They don't call Jimmy Weinert the "Jammer" for nothing. At this year's big AMA Superbowl of Motocross in the Los Angeles Coliseum, he crashed twice. Once in his heat race, and once in the main event. But both times he stormed up, slam-banged his Kawasaki back through heavy traffic, and finally ran off with the victory on possibly the toughest stadium motocross course in the world!
His spark plugs? The same most top bike champions use for winning performance. Champion Gold Palladium spark plugs. Try 'em yourself. Because they're super, man.
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SUZUKI'S RM370A REVISITED

How she held up under 18 months of heavy riding, racing, lots of practice, and more racing

by George Wegner



Suzi at rest following practice at Hangtown '77. Goodyear's Eagle M/X 2s work very well, and are excellent for deep sand and loam.

It all began in the summer of '75 (August 13th to be exact). I'll never forget the day we met. It was in Carlsbad, a small coastal town near the southern tip of California. The warmth of the day was broken from time to time by a cool and distinctly salty sea breeze which slipped up over the hills and through the fields bordering the raceway. Brilliant, bright white columns of sunlight poured down through the billowy, snow-white clouds that occasionally passed by in an otherwise blue and beautiful sky. Suzuki was to have a new model preview that day and SHE was there. In fact, the whole show seemed to center around her.

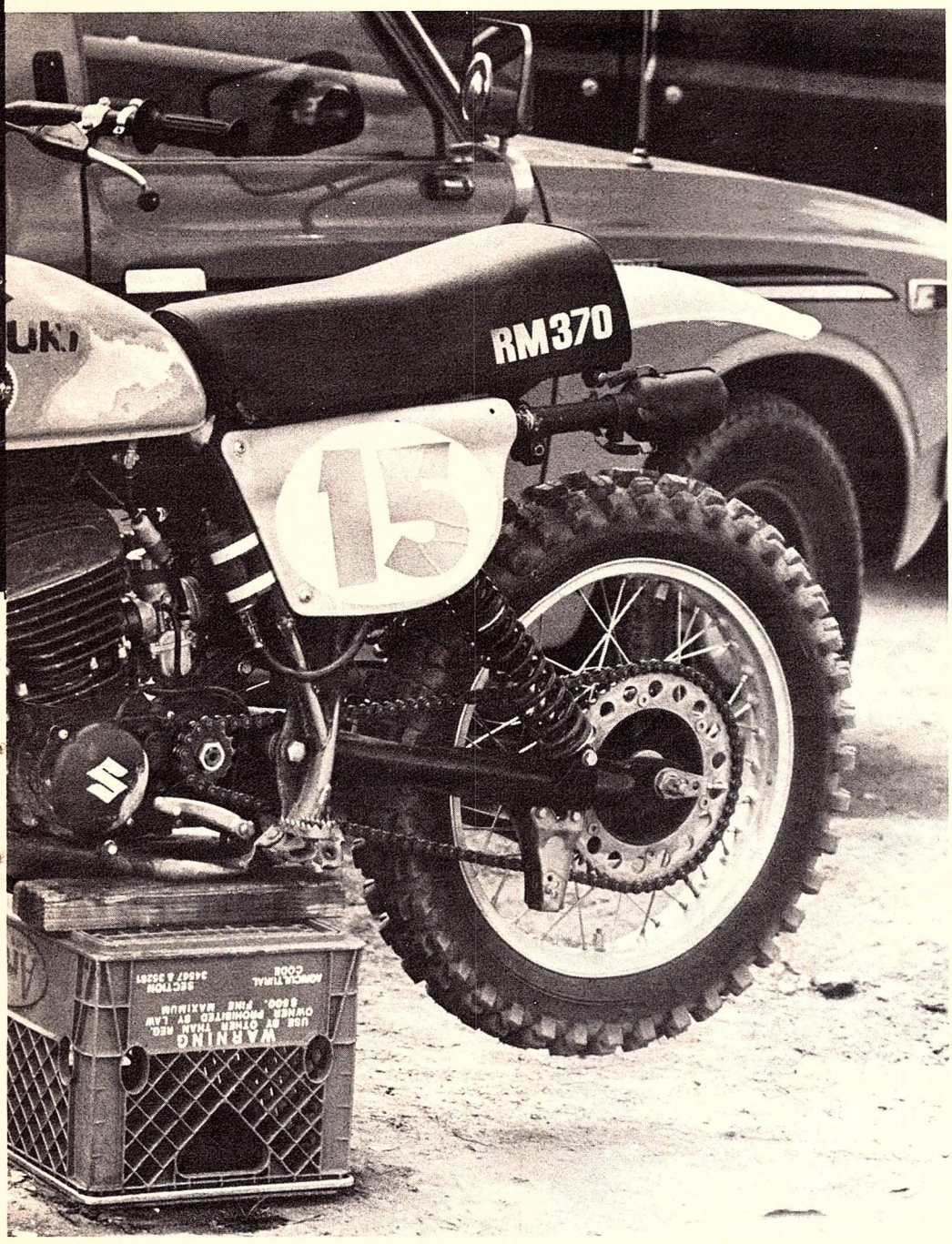
Well, that was just the beginning. We've had an incredibly fine relationship ever since then. In the middle of October of that year Suzi moved in with me. My fondness for her has increased with each day that's passed. Until just the other day. But let's discuss that later.

After the many hours of riding and photo sessions that go into our regular testing program, I adopted Suzi as my personal race bike. We've been together for 18 months now and she's always been faithful to me. Sure, I've failed to finish a moto here and there from an occasional get-off, but not once in over 40 races has she failed to finish because of a mechanical problem.

You should know by now from the initial test and the open class shootout how well she performs. Here you'll find out which parts didn't hold up so well and what was done to fix them, in the hope that you can catch them on your bike before they break.

First to need a fix were her forks. The stock springs were on the soft side, so a pair of straight 28-pounders replaced them. I was very pleased with the seal life. They were cleaned three or four times when changing oil, and replaced only once in 18 months. Due to a wearing of the dampener rods, I ran Bel-Ray LT100 for the first eight months or so, then went to LT200, and finally to 300 in my final days with her. As the metal wore away, thicker oil was needed to retain the same dampening characteristics.

Remote reservoir Kayabas replaced the stock shocks after the first seven months of use. The stockers were still working fine when I took them off, but when something better comes along . . . Besides having 40-percent more oil and 20-percent less dampening, the reservoir shocks weigh .4-kilo less. When the stockers warm up, their dampening is roughly the same as the new shocks. The reservoir



numbers retain virtually the same dampening throughout 40-minute motos.

Using Castrol R 30 at 20 to 1 has no doubt done its share in preserving this fine engine. I ran the initial set of rings for nine months. After five months, one of the rings was beginning to stick in its groove, so I did a little cleaning. The second set of standard rings lasted, along with the piston, up until the race before Hangtown in April of '76. At that point I figured it was just time for a change. The bike continued to get holeshots even in its final motos with the old, standard-sized piston. Good metal and very good oil.

I was not fortunate enough to have the same good luck with the transmission, however. It seems that a thrust washer had been left out in Japan, and it was not discovered by myself or Suzuki 'til I had prematurely worn out six gears. At this discovery, Suzuki quickly revised their assembly diagrams and sent them off to all the dealers. I've used Bel-Ray gear oil or Castrol GTX 20/50 after that last fix and it's worked fine for many months.

Once a boulder hopped up and kissed her clutch case, spewing her slick liquids over the Saddleback sod. It was near the beginning of a 40-minute moto and it has continued to operate perfectly ever since. Because the pieces weren't recovered, I replaced the light magnesium side case. I suppose that it could have been welded, but . . .

The expansion chamber cracked twice around the header and once each at the front and rear mounts. I estimate that 30 percent of the power is lost when the header breaks and boy, is it noisy.

While I'm on the subject of cracks, the swingarm did its share. First to show was a large crevice running nearly all the way around on the chain side, just ahead of the shock mount. Welding and gussets, compliments of Al Baker R&D, kept me rolling. This first crack was discovered after eight months. Six months later two small cracks were found up near the front brace on either side. Then, after 17 months of racing, the axle mounting ear broke both top and bottom within the thin plates surrounding it. Keep your eyes open.

The brake pedal was pretzelized three times and then replaced. Probably because it wasn't bent back perfectly after the first incident, it had a tendency to stick in berms. A bit of weld was added to its pivot bracket after a crack appeared.

With 16 months on the bike, the pegs were sagging a bit too much. A small bead along the outside of the oblonged top frame holes and a quick drill job made them as good as new. Twice the teeth were recut with a file to maintain adequate boot traction.

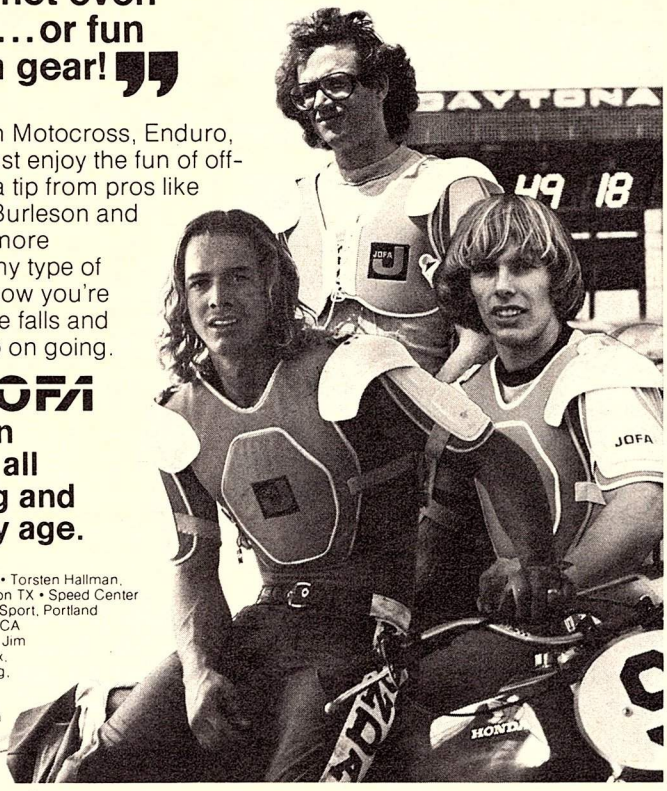
As you can see in the photo, the original Takasago rims are still amazingly round even though many spokes have come and gone (maybe 20). The rear hub developed some slop after the first year due to a bearing spacer that was perhaps a millimeter or so too long. Cutting down a couple of thin washers to match the O.D. of the bearings and slipping them in behind in the hub was an adequate fix. This shim thickness is critical. Too much thickness will put a load on the bearings which will soon kill them.

Please turn page

The Protection Collection

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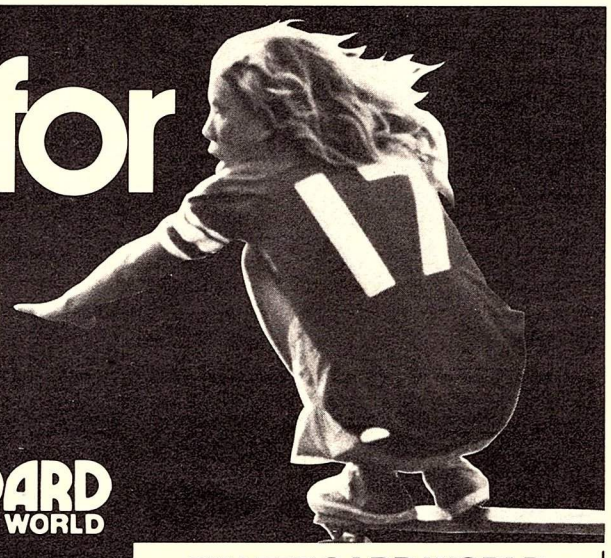
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Both sprockets and the chain were replaced after about ten months. I went from a 13- to a 14-tooth up front, as it could easily pull it and it made the power very mellow.

Upon hearing that the first few rear brake springs that came across broke after a short time, I replaced mine with Kawasaki exhaust springs. They worked quite well, but I should have switched them with the new Suzuki springs while the switching was good. At 15 months one broke and took fair-sized bites out of both the brake shoes and the hub. A new set of shoes (and springs) put the stopping power nearly back to what it had been.

The super-trick, ultra-lightweight aluminum alloy fuel tank split up near the steering head and had to be welded three times.

Then there was the seat base. Its brackets broke at all three points at different times. Drilling out the spot welds and inserting 6mm bolts with aircraft locknuts did the job in the rear. The front bracket disappeared when it came loose, so a new one was made and attached in a fashion similar to the rear units. What you see in the photo is the original seat cover. There are some small tears here and there, but it's still quite usable.

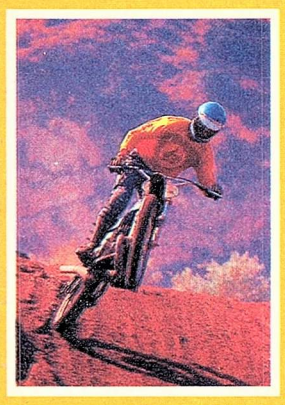
All in all, Suzi's held up remarkably well. You ask, "How can he say that after all the things that came apart?" Easy. If you or anyone you know has put as many racing hours on a bike as I have on this open-classer, you'll know why. Nothing lasts forever, especially in motocross. The fact that the frame is still in one piece and no major expensive engine problems have come up is enough to say "remarkably well."

The beautiful part of this story is that most of the things that went wrong with the A have been remedied in the B.

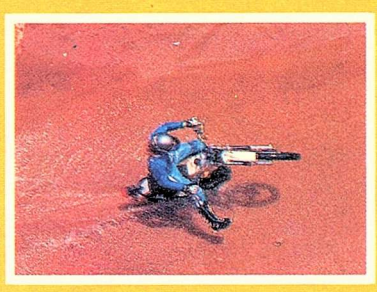
Yes, from that first day we met and I had to tell my European sweetie she'd have to go, Suzi and I have had one hell of a good time. Truly a closeness that I'll remember always. Does this sound like a good-bye? Well, let's just say that things between Suzi and I are, in a word, tentative. You see, lately I've been getting very close to her younger sister. She is a real honey. She's absolutely B-eautiful.

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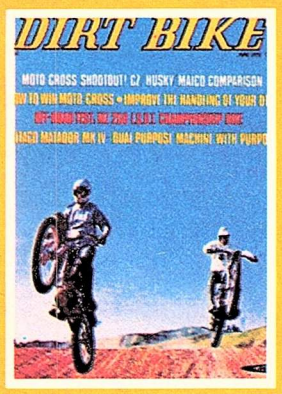


10. JIM CONNOLLY, 250 BULTACO PURSANG

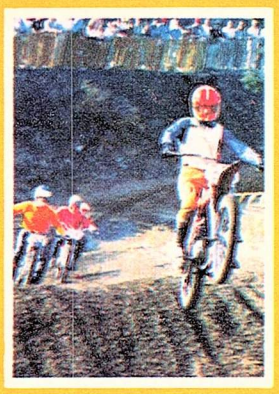


9. GEORGE WEGNER, CAN-AM 175

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2. ACTION AT INTER-AM

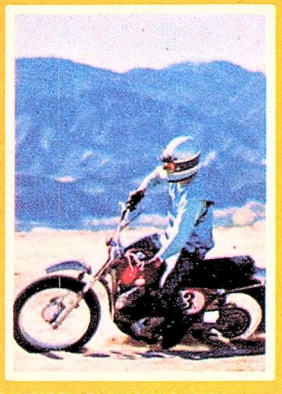


11. AL BAKER ON A 250 HONDA



12. GUNNAR LINDSTROM ON A SUZUKI

Got a 17x22-inch fingerprint on your wall? Cover it up with one of these Super-Trick Action Color Posters! They make any room look really neat. Only $2.50 (plus 50 cents postage and handling). If your color scheme is Divine Dirt, order any four for $7.50 (plus $1.00 postage and handling) and really blow your mind! Postage will be paid on all orders over four.

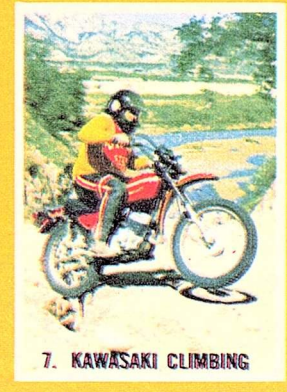


3. JIM CONNOLLY INDIAN DUNES

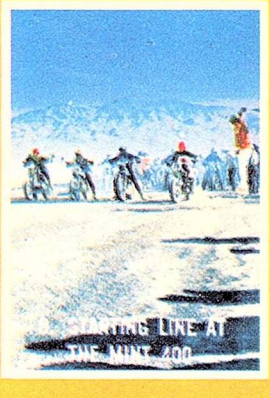


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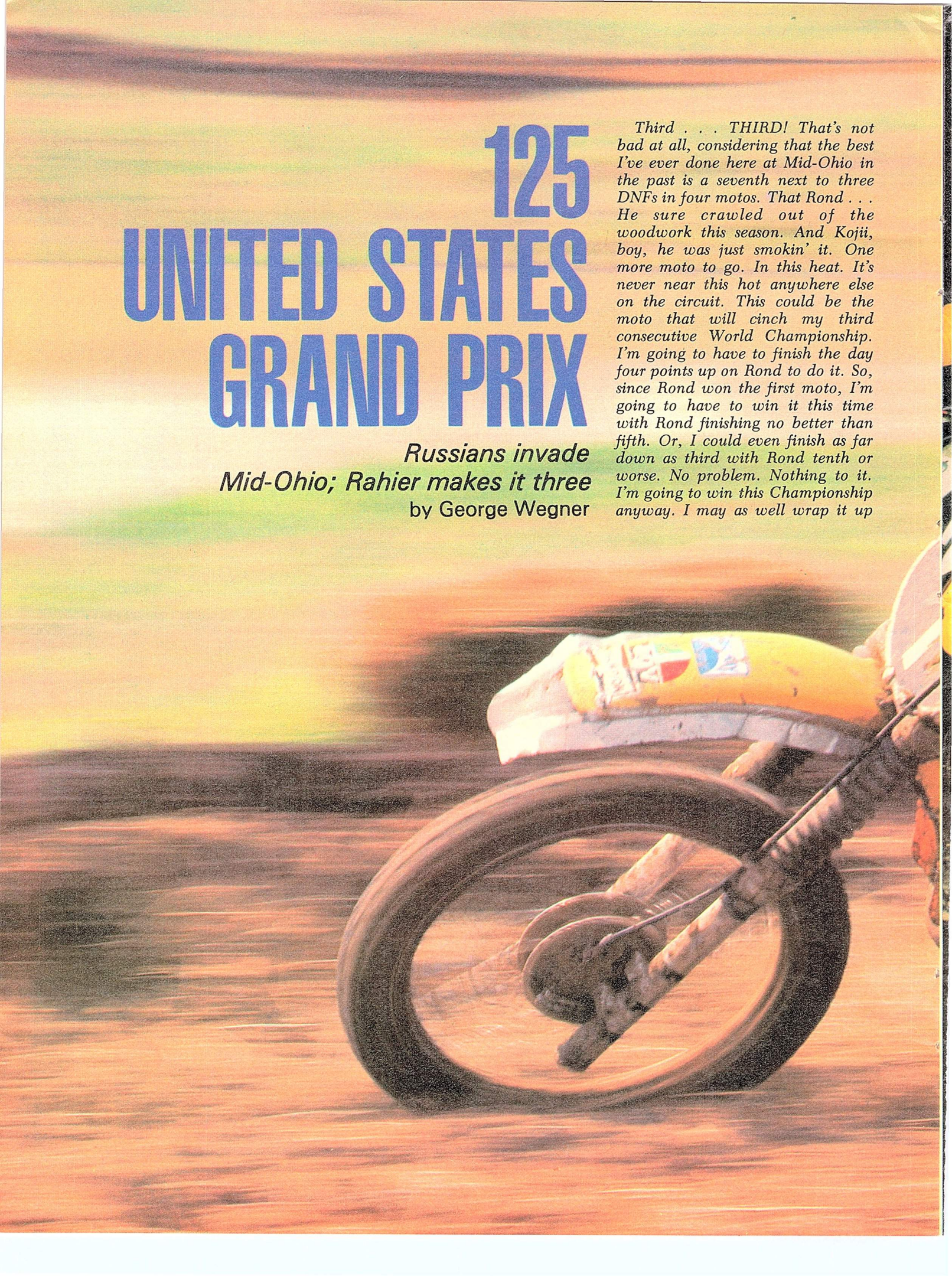
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125 UNITED STATES GRAND PRIX

Russians invade Mid-Ohio; Rahier makes it three

by George Wegner

Third . . . THIRD! That's not bad at all, considering that the best I've ever done here at Mid-Ohio in the past is a seventh next to three DNFs in four motos. That Rond . . . He sure crawled out of the woodwork this season. And Kojii, boy, he was just smokin' it. One more moto to go. In this heat. It's never near this hot anywhere else on the circuit. This could be the moto that will cinch my third consecutive World Championship. I'm going to have to finish the day four points up on Rond to do it. So, since Rond won the first moto, I'm going to have to win it this time with Rond finishing no better than fifth. Or, I could even finish as far down as third with Rond tenth or worse. No problem. Nothing to it. I'm going to win this Championship anyway. I may as well wrap it up





Gaston Rahier. The once and future champion.



Rond and Rahier go for it in the second moto.

right here. Then the pressure will be off and I can cruise in the final two GPs. Ah, the pressure. I will win this moto. It will be over soon and I can rest till next season.

These may well have been the thoughts of Gaston Rahier prior to the start of the second moto in Lexington, Ohio.

For the first time in the history of Grand Prix motocross, athletes from the U.S.S.R. were competing on U.S. soil. Due solely to the relentless efforts of Mid-Ohio's owner/promoter, Pete Weidner, Yuri Khoudjakov and Pavel Rulev were treated to a full dosage of hard-core American motocross and the Midwest's record high temperatures. It was purely coincidental that the motion picture "The Russians Are Coming" aired across the U.S. Saturday evening. It was unfortunate that there were no Russian subtitles. Surely they would have gotten a kick out of it.

Gerard Rond of the Netherlands, inspired by the possibility of catching Rahier in the points chase, put his factory Yamaha water-pumper into the lead a third of the way through the first moto. He then opened up a comfortable distance over second place and held it to the wire.

Kojii Masuda was in excellent form. He rocketed from fourth to first spot in the first lap, where he led till Rond went by. Riding very smoothly, he kept himself centered between Rond and Rahier.

Gaston was content with third on the mud course, knowing that a slip or an injury now could cost him the title.

Placing fourth behind Gaston was another Belgian, Andre Massant. Fourth was also his rank in World competition last season. Though running sixth most of the race, a hard charge in the final two laps put him past both Gary Ogden and Pat Richter by the time the checkered flag fell.

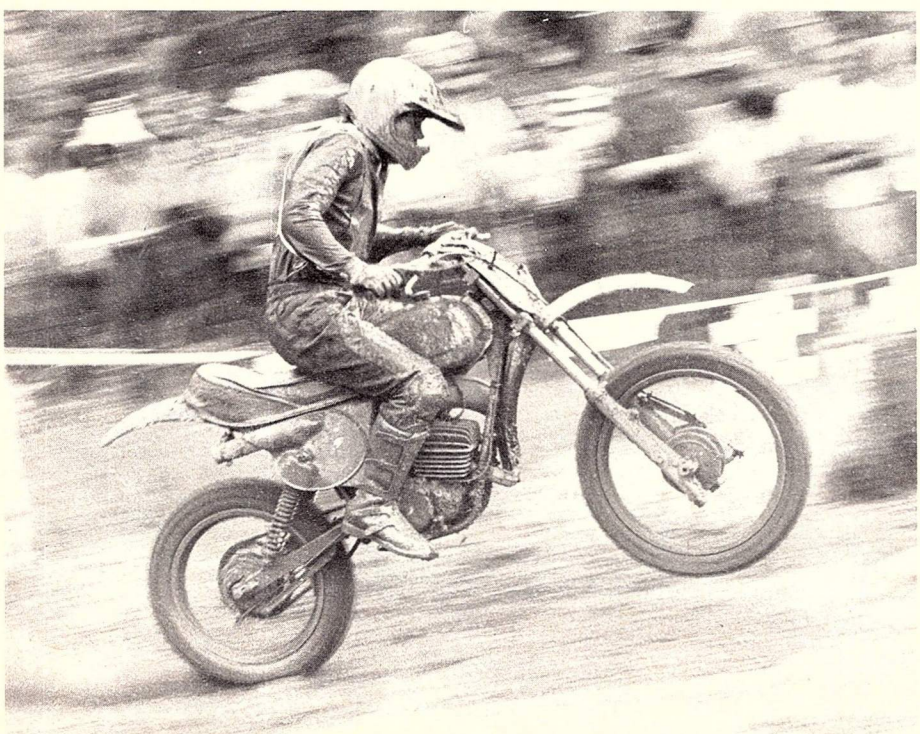
There was a noticeable absence of "big name" American riders at the mid-Ohio GP. Last year's Ohio winner, Marty Smith, as well as Bob Hannah and Billy Grossi, were off in Texas for the opening round of the 500cc National series at Lake Whitney. They couldn't have done Gaston a bigger favor if they had been his best buddies.

There would also have been a noticeable absence of myself. My thanks to Jeff Burtt and U.S. Suzuki for supplying my first exposure to Ohio's lush greenery.

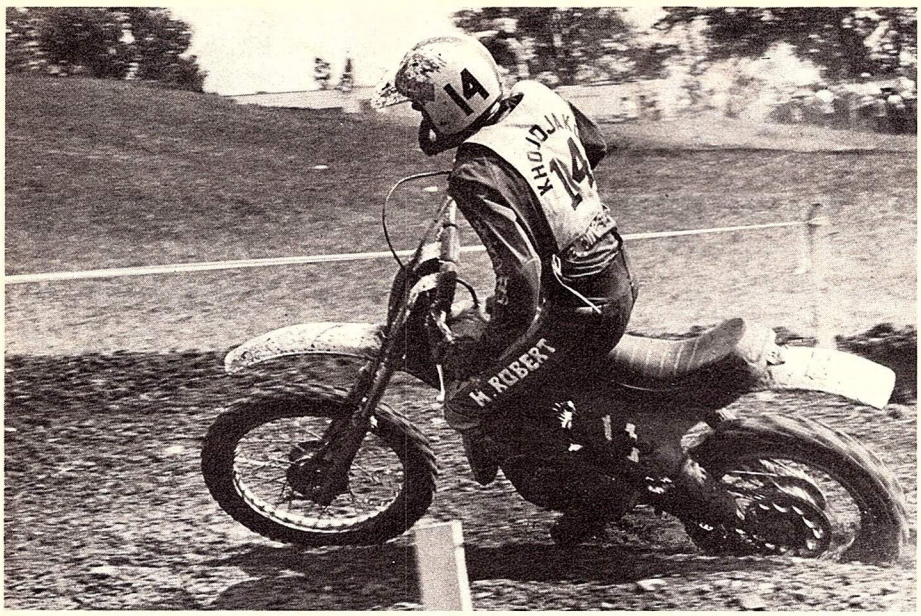
A race which might have seen an American in first place changed drastically Saturday night when a full-blown, thundering rainstorm swept much of Central Ohio. It was Mud City through practice and the first moto. And, as the course dried, huge mudholes were left at various points that would suck in riders who weren't totally with the program. Even though the mud evened things out a bit for the Europeans, the record high temperatures and humidity must have made up for it.

Several had commented that it would be great to see Danny LaPorte and Warren Reid in the first two spots dicing it out at this year's GP. As it turned out, both of them had a taste of bad luck with crashes and mechanical problems. Maybe next year.

Rond won the start of moto two with Rahier right on his tail. Gaston kept within striking distance and made his move near the halfway point. Rond made a halfhearted attempt at staying with the World Champion for a few laps, only to



Czechoslovakia's Jiri Churavy running seventh in moto one.



Russia's Yuri Khoudjakov made his trip over worthwhile by taking home ten world points and fourth for the day.

retire when he injured his knee by sticking his foot in a hole. It was all over for Gerard Rond. There was no way that he could have any chance of winning the World title this year. He must now concentrate on letting his knee heal for next week's GP in Canada.

Slipping in solidly behind Gaston was none other than his teammate Kojii. The vision of winning his first World Grand Prix pushed him past the effects of the exhausting Ohio heat. He could win it. Jamming to the limit, he was unable to catch Gaston, but was tied in points with two seconds to Gaston's third and first.

Pat Richter, who put in an outstanding performance in the first round with incredible charges and frustrating setbacks, was running near the front once again in moto two, but went down in the first few minutes of the race. He remounted and started another high-speed charge that eventually put him into third when the flag fell.

Another rider having his share of crashes and near-getoffs was Russian Yuri Khoudjakov. His second race was much smoother as he moved from sixth at the start to a strong fourth by the finish.

His comrade, Pavel Rulev, was not so lucky. He had problems in both motos, running near the back of the pack for the better part of the day.

Frank Stacy, normally a 250 Support rider, had a great day riding Pat Richter's back-up bike, slipping into fifth spot in round two. Very impressive. He must be in love with that FMF Suzuki.

Performances of the Czechoslovakian CZ riders were at best mediocre. Surely the heat had to be a great factor in determining any rider's placing. A seventh and an eighth place by Juri Churavy allowed him to retain his current fourth place World standing behind Massant. Zdenek Velky put together a 12th and a sixth to give him an eighth for the day behind his teammate.

Back in the Suzuki pits everyone was smiling. It had been a Suzuki sweep. Several minutes after the finish (which must have seemed like an eternity to Masuda), the overall winner was announced. The tie in points was broken by the overall elapsed time for two motos. Rahier's time of one hour, 36 minutes, 6.71 seconds was 1.02 seconds faster than Masuda's. That's the way it happened. Richter earned third spot for his efforts and 16 world points.

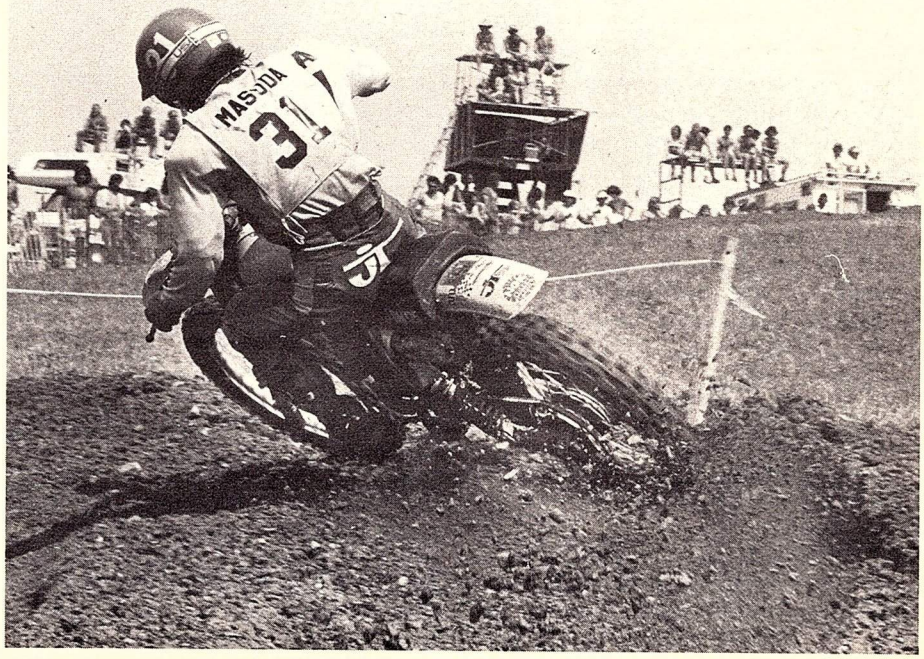
Congratulations to Gaston for a well-deserved and hard-earned World Championship. Good luck to you next season. If DeCoster is going for seven World Championships, maybe Gaston is going for eight.

VALVOLINE 125cc U.S. GRAND PRIX

JULY 17, 1977
MID-OHIO MOTO PARK, MANSFIELD, OHIO

OVERALL FINISHING POSITIONS

1. Gaston Rahier, Belgium 3-1
2. Kojii Masuda, Japan 2-2
3. Pat Richter, U.S.A. 5-3
4. Yuri Khoudjakov, U.S.S.R. 9-4
5. Gary Ogden, U.S.A. 6-7
6. Frank Stacy, U.S.A. 10-5
7. Juri Churavy, Czechoslovakia 7-8
8. Zdenek Velky, Czechoslovakia 12-6
9. John Savitski, U.S.A. 11-10
10. Gerard Rond, The Netherlands 1-24
11. Jimmy Martin, U.S.A. 14-13
12. Andre Massant, Belgium 4-24
13. Glen Johnson, U.S.A. 18-11
14. Jay Kimber, U.S.A. 16-14
15. Mike McIntosh, U.S.A. 15-15
16. Danny LaPorte, U.S.A. 8-24
17. Barry Duncan, U.S.A. 17-16
18. Warren Reid, U.S.A. 13-20
19. Mike Jones, U.S.A. 24-9
20. Pavel Rulev, U.S.S.R. 24-12



Kojii Masuda, 1.02 seconds away from winning his first GP.

MAMMOTH MX

Continued from page 23



Rich Eierstedt managed an impressive fourth place finish in the Open event despite a run-in with a tree. He's riding a much-modified '68 Bultaco with Yamaha forks, Fox Air Shox and a '71 engine. (Tom Johnston photo)

working his way up very rapidly. At the same time Gaylon Mosier was also making his move. Bell pulled in behind Robertson, the two diced a bit, then Bell wheelied away to take the win. Greg held onto second, finishing just ahead of Mosier.

Robertson and Bell went for the same dance routine in moto two. Again, Bell had the lead by the halfway mark and it looked like a replay of the first heat. With victory in sight, Bell's works Yamaha split its fuel tank, putting him out of the money. Robertson was cruising home when he was suddenly overtaken by a hard-charging Sherman Schneller on his Suzuki. Greg's first and second still gave him the overall and more than $750 for his efforts. Schneller copped second for the day ahead of a very tired Gaylon Mosier.

Gaylon had decided to play Iron Man that day by riding both the 250 and 500 classes. It proved to be his undoing, as he was able to hold onto third overall in the 250 contest, but dropped out after the first lap of the final 500 event. Even Popeye, dosed up on a full load of spinach, couldn't handle two five-lap qualifiers and four 12-lap heats on this course.

Gary Semics holeshot the first 500 moto and was rapidly rolling out of sight when one of his shocks snapped. That put teammate Terry Clark in command, with Rich Eierstedt right on his tail. Soon after that, Eierstedt motored on by for



Greg Robertson put together two fine rides to win the 250 purse after Bell lost his fuel supply. (Tom Johnston photo)



Mike Bell zaps Greg Robertson on the approach to the downhill. (Tom Johnston photo)



Look at that dirt. Look at those hills. You should have seen the women! (Tom Johnston photo)

the win. Clark remained in second and Parry Klassen snagged the third spot. Remarkably, Rich rode the last five laps on a flat rear tire.

Semics swept the second moto wire to wire. A good distance back, Terry Clark pressed on to take second, giving him the overall win. Parry Klassen ended up with second-place money, while Steve Rhyan of San Diego picked up third.

All in all, it was an incredible day of racing in one of nature's finest settings. If all goes well, Bel-Ray will be putting on a 250 National on this course next season. Sounds good.

When you've ridden Mammoth, you know that you've ridden on a genuine motocross track. Your body will be reminding you for days after the event. We'll all be there next year, loving every minute of it.

RESULTS
MAMMOTH MX

125

1.	John Tessitore	Yam
2.	Scott Karl	Suz
3.	Jack Keese	Suz
4.	Terry Ducker	Yam
5.	Bob Kline	Hon
6.	Mike Tripes	Yam

250

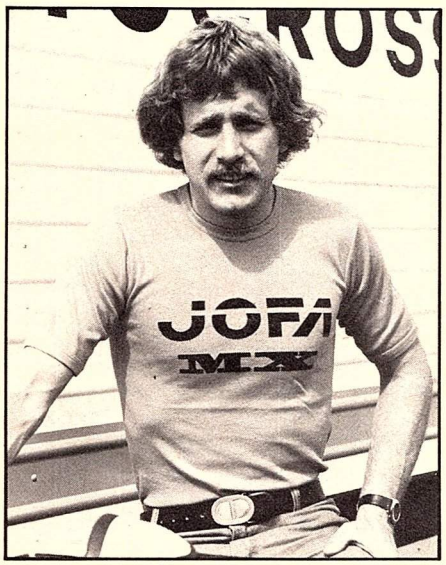
1.	Greg Robertson	Oss
2.	Sherman Schneller	Suz
3.	Gaylon Mosier	Mai
4.	Darrell Schultz	Oss
5.	Mark Gambetta	KTM
6.	Mike Wickersham	Mai

500

1.	Terry Clark	Kaw
2.	Parry Klassen	Yam
3.	Steve Rhyan	KTM
4.	Rich Eierstedt	Bul
5.	Dave Miller	Yam
6.	T.J. Warren	Mon

NEW PRODUCTS

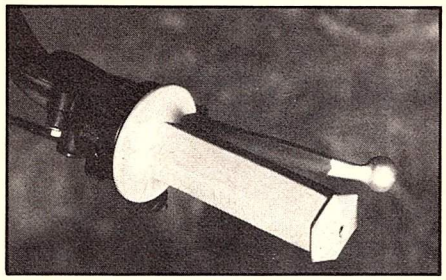
If you spot something here that tickles your fancy and you decide to order or maybe just send for more info, be sure to mention that you saw it in DIRT BIKE Magazine. We already know that they exist. Laying your and our name on them lets them know that we too have weight and take up space. And, equally important, it tells them that you are a loyal reader of the MIGHTY DB, and proud of it.





PROTECTION PLUS

Jofa has been making motocross equipment since the sport was conceived two decades ago. Most any top rider you can name wears Jofa protective gear. Jofa makes the lightest, most comfortable, longest wearing and most protective equipment available anywhere, at any price. That's all there is to it. For the first time, Jofa is marketing a selection of motocross T-shirts in the U.S., as seen here on Gaylon Mosier. This other fella is "Captain Cobalt" (aka Jimmy Ellis). If there's anyone who knows about gettin' off, he is the man. He won't ride without their shoulder and shin/knee pads. There are four styles of shoulder guards, including a junior size, and there are three styles of shin guards. All of their equipment is easily maintained, because it can be machine washed and tumble dried. So, if you're looking for comfort, superior protection and light weight, look to Jofa. You'll find their products at better bike shops everywhere.



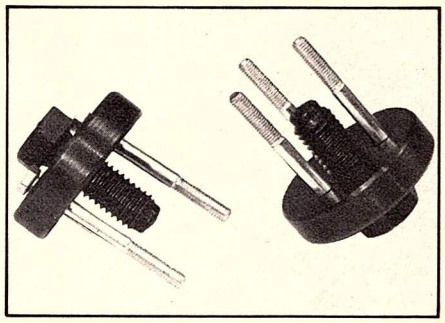
SHORT AND HEXY

Now there are two Hex Grips from PPP. Everything about the two grips is the same except the length. Both are molded of soft high-friction rubber for sure gripping and come in the famous hex design to reduce rider fatigue, but the J-Hex is shorter for shorter throttles. Hex and J-Hex grips are available in black, yellow, red and blue for $4 a pair at PP dealers everywhere. Or, write Preston Petty Products, P.O. Box 89-MW, 403 North Main St., Newberg, Oregon 97132.



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Uni Filter announces a new series of color-compatible "POD" air filters. These famous universal-fit air filters are now available in a new dark gray, as well as the very familiar bright green. The gray color is compatible with all motorcycle colors, while allowing increased airflow for performance and superior dirt stopping for longer engine life. Check with your dealer or write to Uni Filter, Inc., 13522 New Hope St., Garden Grove, California 92643.



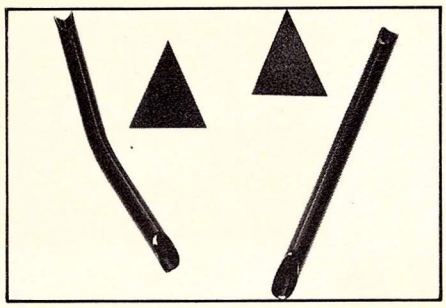
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Surely a hammer has its place, but if you're fixin' to pop the ignition flywheel off of your screaming yellow RM, you should have one of these precision-machined pullers from K&N. Their design features a solid steel plate with a hardened center push bolt, and heavy-duty metric securing bolts. The T-108 fits the 125s and the T-109 is for the 250s and open classers. Just $4.95 at your dealer, or write to K&N Engineering, Inc., P.O. Box 1329, Dept. K1, Riverside, California 92502; (714) 682-8813.



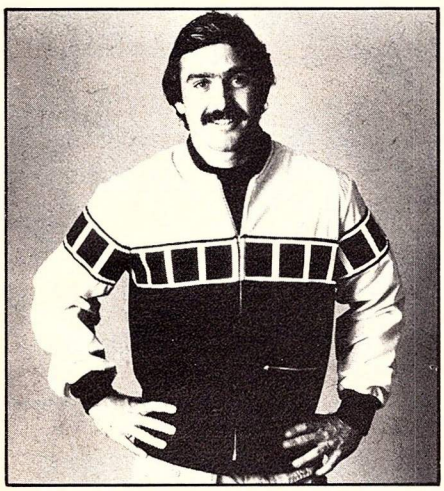
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Are you plagued by bad starts? Answer Products, in conjunction with 125 National Champion Bob Hannah, has developed this all-new way to practice your starts. This starting gate enables you to improve your timing, practice correct weight distribution, practice throttle and clutch technique, practice on different ground surfaces, and gives you the confidence you need when you go to the line. The gate is lightweight and can be carried anywhere. Just $39.95 direct from Answer Products, 11555 Amanda Dr., Studio City, California 91604.



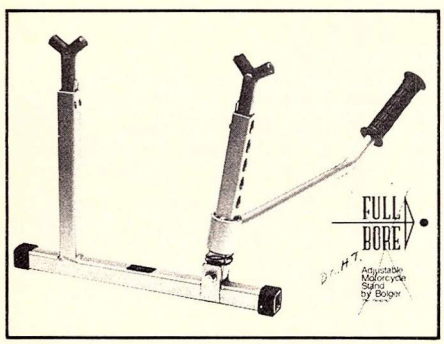
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This is DG's seat brace kit to fit Yamaha YZ125, 250 and 400 Ds. Their kit mounts underneath the bracket and braces it to the frame, and does not require welding. A must for any hard-core racer who values his seat. $12.95 from DG Performance Specialties, 5552 La Palma Ave. East, Anaheim, California 92806; (714) 996-4430.



ZOOT STYLING

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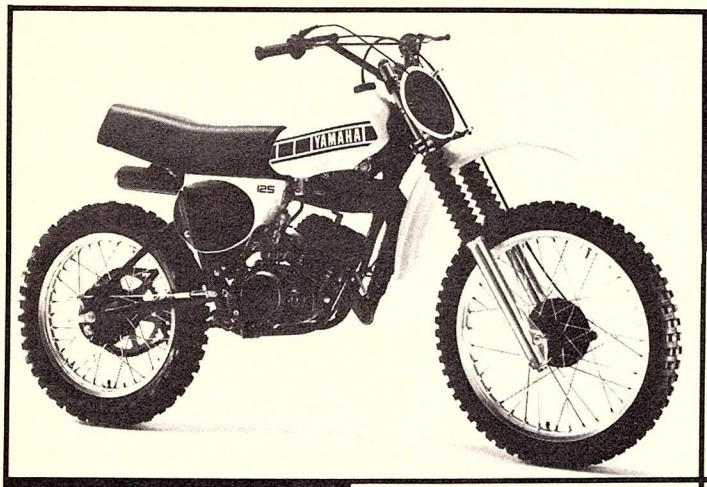
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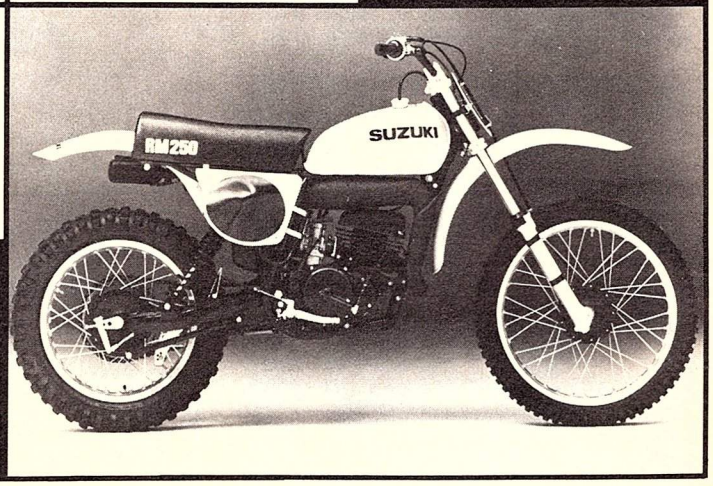
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HUSQVARNA'S 390 AUTOMATIC MOTOCROSSER

Continued from page 41

an automatic that freewheels a good part of the time must have a great set of brakes. And so, one set comes with each bike. The rear unit is a full-floating number.

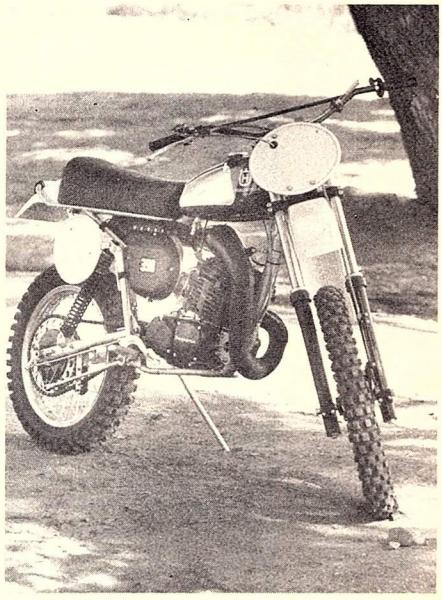
As for the seat, you just couldn't ask for more. It's long enough and made to the right consistency to save you a pounding when resting there. The mounting technique is rather unique. A single bolt in the center of the aluminum base secures it to the frame, while the contours keep it from shifting.

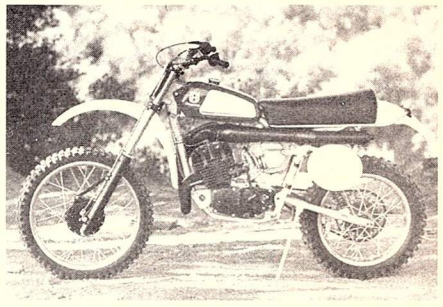
Super-tough plastic is used for the fenders. They are both wide and long enough to do their intended job very well.

FALLING FOR HER AUTOMATICALLY

Huskys have always lent themselves to taller riders, and the 390 is no exception. Its seat towers a full 94cm (37 inches) above the earth.

The kickstarter (or its performance) on an Auto Husky is much more important than a starter motor on your four-wheeler, for to push-start the Automatic, you would have to first find a way to lock the clutch, and then push it at about 40 mph. As Desert Don Phillipson put it, ". . . If you can do all that, you're wasting your time riding motorcycles." That being the case, both the carburetor and ignition are likewise unusually





MAY THE FARCE

Things were going about par from the beginning. I was suitably late getting to Chet's house, we did a sufficient amount of diddling about in loading up the van, and after finally picking up the Husky Auto from the DB garage, our hoped-for 2:00-at-the-latest departure time had been successfully transformed into a 3:30-if-we're-lucky.

To further spice our trip, within a mile of entering the freeway the van began sputtering on its last trickle of gas. There's always something you overlook. Going for the Guinness coasting record, we kept motion to the next exit, eased down the ramp, encountered a sympathetic green light at the end and utilized our momentum from the ramp to coast two blocks to the nearest gas station. Nothing to it.

Our destination for this particular expedition was Bakersfield, about 100 miles north of L.A. We were heading up to Billy Gray's Diamond Speedway track to watch some first-class speedway racing in relative comfort for a change. A night to kick back, shout, drink beer and partake of all the other rites of watching speedway. Oh yes, there was also one other small matter that we first had to dispose of before we indulged ourselves with fun. The simple matter of shooting a cover for this month's issue.

Billy, you see, was having a few friends over to the track for some half-time entertainment. A trio who had just helped throw a small flick together. A bit strange, too, this trio, if I might say so. A white-garbed Princess Leiea, a rather furry Wookie, as Wookies go, by the name of Chewy, and, finally, the gentleman we were interested in, the noble Darth Vader. An interesting group, for sure.

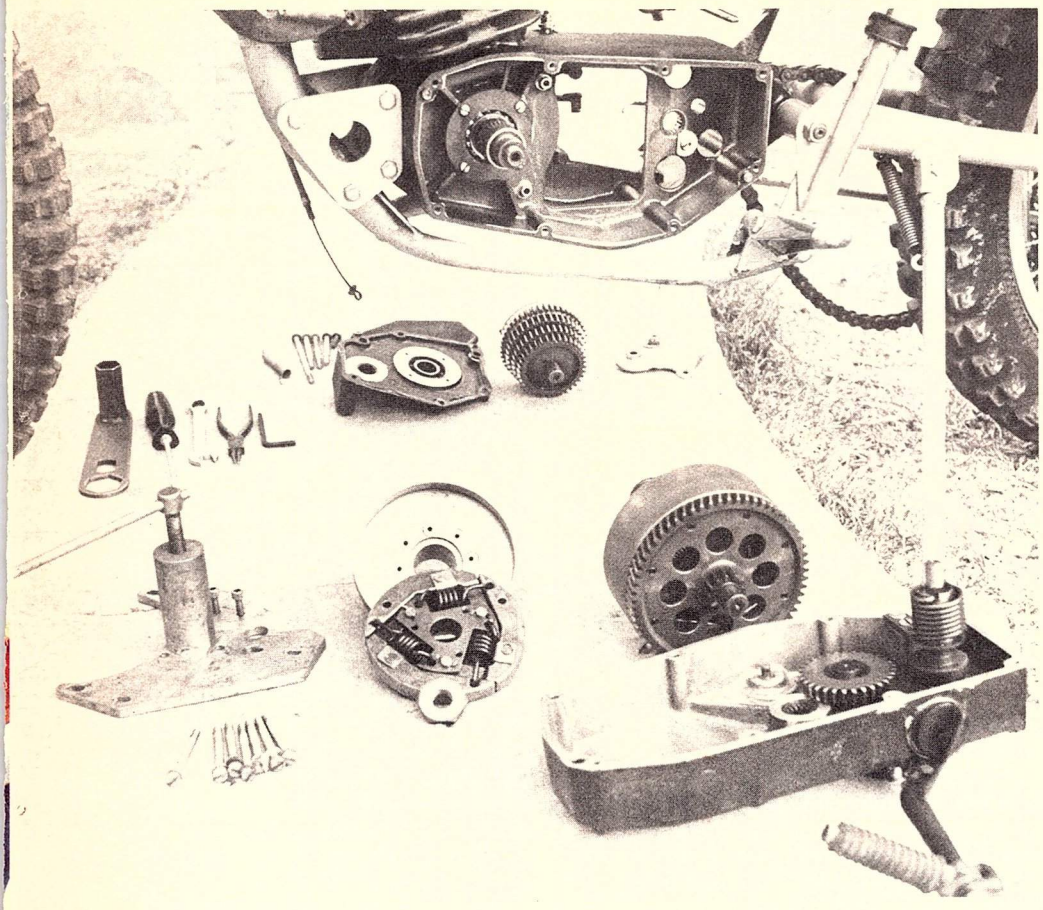
The idea had been put forth, within the padded confines of the DB office, that an interesting link could be drawn between our feature test, the Husky Auto, and the lovable *Star Wars* droid, C3PO. Naturally, it was pointed out that C3PO is only a character from a movie, so we settled on Darth. After all, we have to keep things credible.

Despite our efforts, we still arrived early, and inquired as to the time of arrival of the guests. Spontaneous as we are, we yet had to approach Mr. Vader with our idea.

We were instructed to await the appearance of announcer Rick Schwartz to get our project under way. "Ya can't miss him. He drives an El Camino with his name painted across the back." "Mmm," we nodded.

The sun was getting low and we were in the middle of exploring feasible excuses to take back to the office when said El Camino finally showed up, followed by the Green Hornet's Black Beauty. "Ah," said we. "Not your average speedway racer's transport vehicle."

From the second Schwartz stepped from his car he was besieged by problems, and thus offered us only enough time to say



Bare naked.

critical on the Automatic.

If you're one of those guys who get their jollies by revving the engine all the time, you'll have to get your full dose while you're warming it up, because once you release the engagement lever on the bars (which works much the same as an automatic lever in a car), the action begins. It's very important that you do not engage the transmission unless the bike is at idle. Otherwise, damage to the splines in the trans will result.

Now roll on the throttle. At around 2000 rpm the first gear clutch will come in and away you'll go. After that you can stop and idle as much as you like. The only time you'll need to touch the lever again is when you want to start it again.

And now, your time has come to discover the magical qualities of the Autocrosser.

Blasting off the line is not your basic open class starting procedure. You just peg the throttle and hang on. Keeping your weight forward is sufficient to keep the front end down even with the throttle full-on. At the same time, you'll notice that

Continued on page 76

BE WITH YOU by Rik Paul

he couldn't spare us any time. Not to be undone, we decided to go directly to the source. After another minute of scanning about, we spotted the familiar white outfit and hair-in-buns of the Princess mingling in the crowd. Accompanying her was a tall, thin guy wearing black pants with shiny side buckles, obviously Darth Vader incognito, and a short fellow who *couldn't* be the seven-foot Chewy, could he?

Our approach was subtle like a bull charge. They appeared to be about to settle down for a rest from the excessive heat that surrounded us, and didn't greet our scheme with undue enthusiasm. Even Chet, a natural master of persuasion, was working feverishly, while they merely hemmed and hawed and shrugged in response. Darth was not in a ready mood to don his full outfit while the sun was up, due to the oppressive heat. Outer space is one thing, but Bakersfield, California, is quite another.

We tried the "we'll-have-you-in-and-out-of-costume-in-five-minutes" ploy, promised good publicity for him, Billy and the track, lulled him with modeling fees, but none of it seemed to halt his indecisive shrugging, or his frequent glares at the sun.

Finally, out of desperation, I blurted, "We'll buy you a beer."

A distinct light came to his eyes. Follow that up! Follow that up, something inside me was screaming. "Two beers!" I almost shouted.

Uncertain silence.

"For each of you!"

"Sold."

If ever an event is offered in the Olympics for speed camerawork, Chet and I will be experienced candidates. As long as form is not included in the scoring. With the ticking of imaginary seconds loud in our brains and a still-burning sun on our backs, we knelt, rolled, crawled and shimmied over the ground and each other, in front of Darth and the Husky, firing our cameras like boot camp marines.

Finally, guilt feelings for our fellow being in the black suit brought our shooting to a halt. A cloud of steam seemed to escape as he thankfully removed his helmet and mask, and sweat was running from every pore.

After we'd packed up and Darth had changed back into his human guise, we went back over.

"Say, thanks a lot, Mr. Vader," we offered our hand. "I think it'll work out well." We shook all around.

Darth narrowed his eyes a bit. "Ah, say. Aren't you forgetting something?"

We looked blank for an instant. "Oh, sure. Yeah, give me your address and we can send you a couple of issues when they come out. No problem."

"Not *exactly* what I had in mind," he said, slowly and deliberately. "Isn't there a matter of a few rounds of beer?"

"Ah . . ." I looked at Chet. ". . . Sure, sure. Ah, Chet," I slowly worked my fingers through my empty pockets, "you got any extra money?"

SHOP RAG

Getting back

by the Staff of DIRT BIKE

Darkness arrives ominously, a great fist closing over the forest. Stranded, having waited for too long to be found, the rider kicks and kicks again. For over an hour he has labored without getting the least hint of life from his machine. Now, in the growing blackness, his attempts become frenzied, panicked. In minutes he is exhausted. Letting the cycle fall to the ground, he collapses, panting, near to tears. In his own tired depression he is oblivious to the fanged, towering thing that lurches toward him . . .

Sound familiar to you? Us neither, but we have to pump a little drama into the old mag every once in a while.

Surely you have, though, if you're a cross-country rider of *any* kind, been on occasion trapped far back in the boonies as a result of mechanical malfunction or just plain poor preparation. Us too.

PLUG WRENCH? WHAT'S A PLUG WRENCH?

It would be possible, and seemingly hundreds of preparation articles have advocated it, to carry enough stuff with you so that you could *never* be stranded on the trail. In keeping with this tradition, here is a short list of *absolutely necessary* tools, spares, and things that *no one* should *ever* be without. We present this list knowing that none of us ever carry more than a few of these things, and that you probably won't either. Use common sense, your motorcycle will tell you what you will likely need.

1) Spare spark plug and plug wrench. (Anybody ought to be able to manage these.)

2) Chain breaker, master links, and several links of spare chain. (Chains do the darndest things . . .)

3) Rope. (You'll be amazed at the uses you will find for it.)

4) Safety wire and rubber bands. (The wire can be wound anywhere. Inside of hollow handlebars works well. The rubber bands (old inner tube type) are comfortable looped over fenders, bars, boots, etc.)

5) Vise-grips, screwdriver, and assorted wrenches. (Carry the ones that fit your bolts, of course . . .)

6) Canned tire sealant, tube, irons, and patch kit. (The aerosol fixers don't always work, but they fill a patched tube wonderfully.)

7) Matches. (They'll not only keep you warm, they can help a fouled plug to fire.)

We won't even get into things like spare cables, motoplats, seats, and copies of DIRT BIKE. Anyone who would carry that kind of stuff probably already is. The list above should be able to get you back to your truck.

MAKING DO

So. Despite all of our warnings and your preparation, suppose you suddenly find yourself in the middle of nowhere with a mode of transport that has decided to play inanimate. If you are human, you probably aren't carrying *everything* you might need to get yourself zinging along the trail again. But you likely have a few things with you.

Here's a group of tried and true quick and dirty fixes that can get you home. You may be limping, but at least you'll be maintaining forward motion.

You say you've got a flat, and ignored our directive concerning tubes, tire irons and sealant. Did you perhaps bring some rope? If so, by *tightly* wrapping it around the tire and rim you can likely keep rubber and steel together while you hobble home.

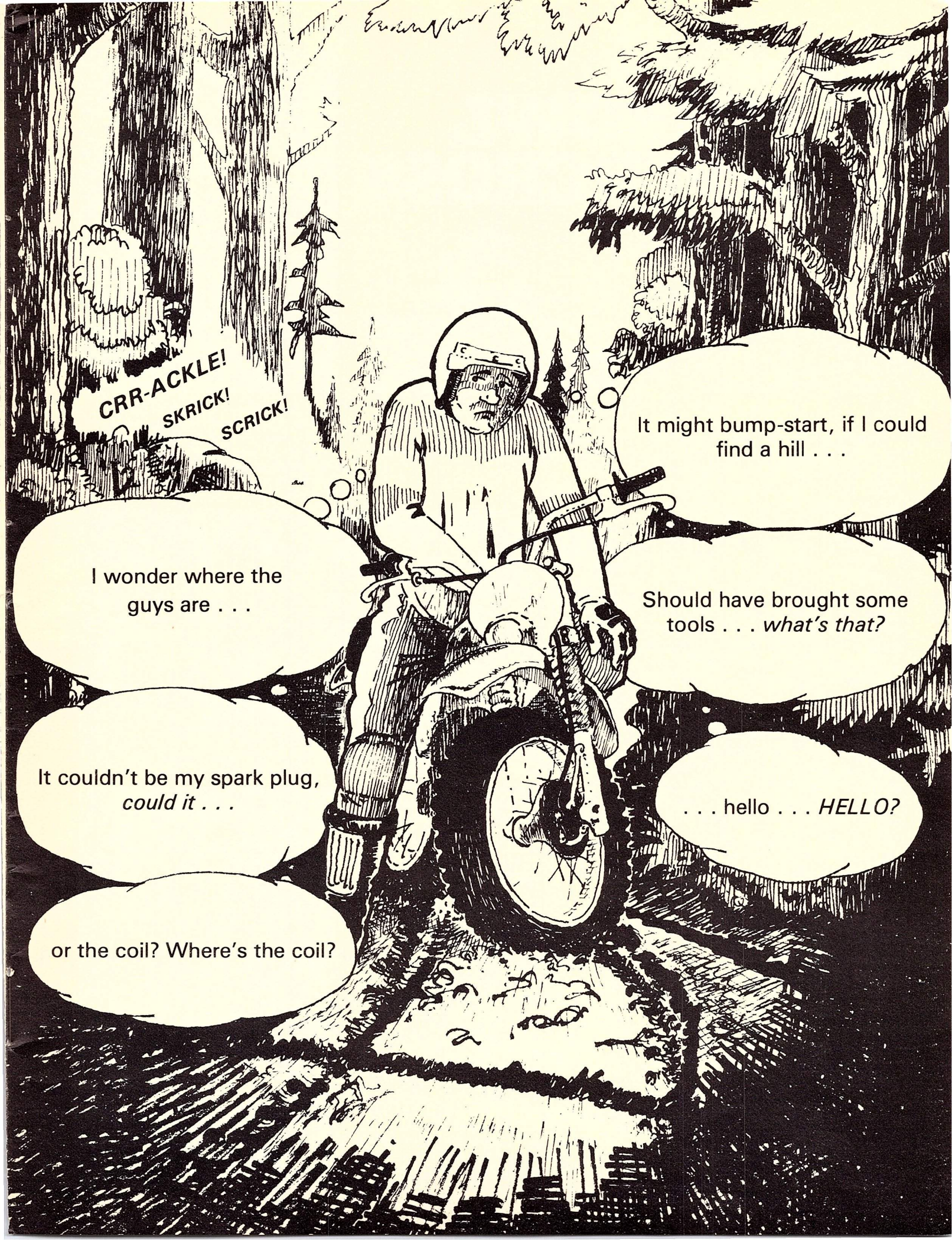
Throttle cables usually break right at the nibble in the throttle assemply itself. Should this happen to you, do not give up hope or wait to attempt to borrow a spare from a passing rider. That could take years. There are ways to keep on moving. One staffer here made the miles back to his truck by crimping the end of the cable so that it would not slip into the housing, and them taking the housing itself between two fingers on the grip. By rotating the throttle assembly he was able to, within limits, adjust his gas flow. He reported some sticking at various throttle settings, so this method should only be used in desperate straits, and in the presence of a kill button.

A fouled spark plug can make one feel like the stupidest of creatures. You know, who in their right mind goes riding for any distance without *at least* a spare plug? Actually, most everybody does once in a while. Forgetfulness and early-morning confusion take their toll from the best of us. Paper matches, which you just might have on you, can save the day in the event of a foul. Use the flame to *carefully* dry the plug. Then, use the torn paper end of the same match for a quick brush-up and cleaning. It may take a few tries, but we've seen a badly watered-out Husky eventually finish a long ride thanks to this match game.

Stick-to-itivity can be a godsend if you're lucky enough to ride in an area that has things growing in it. A whittled-to-taper branch can, with the help of duct tape, hold a broken pair of hollow-type bars together well enough for less than energetic steering. In several instances dear to the memories of the DB crew smaller sticks have held oil in wounded four-strokes long enough for you to limp on out of the woods.

A broken chain can be a real hassle, especially if the appropriate tools and links are unavailable. We've heard stories, but haven't actually tried this ourselves, of folks who, with safety wire and pliers, fashioned an emergency master link that only had to be remade three times to make the few miles back to transportation. If nothing else is available, anything is worth a try.

There you have it, some obscure practices and moto voodoo for the express aid of the mechancally disabled. Obviously there will be times when nothing in the world can coax your poor, tired machine into moving on its own. Next month we'll deal with what to do when you've come to the end of your rope, or, trailbike towing etiquette.


CRR-ACKLE!
SKRICK!
SCRICK!
It might bump-start, if I could find a hill . . .
I wonder where the guys are . . .
Should have brought some tools . . . *what's that?*
It couldn't be my spark plug, *could it . . .*
. . . hello . . . *HELLO?*
or the coil? Where's the coil?

the SUPERBOWL of SUPERCROSS

Continued from page 33

the front of the machine with Hannah's #3 on it, as bikes are being packed and wheeled out of the pits all around us. "The down-tube's cracked through. It was flexing badly. Another lap or two and that might have been it. Lucky Pomeroy crashed or we still wouldn't have it wrapped up."

* * * *

"Pomeroy doesn't remember the race," word sifts through to us. "He only remembers the first lap. Got jarred by that crash pretty bad. He didn't realize he actually finished. They had to send him to the hospital."

* * * *

I slowly stir my second cup of coffee as we sit in the restaurant, going on four a.m. "The riders want to race," the voice continues from across the table. "They don't want this stuff."

* * * *

The checkered flag had fallen to a virtual wall of sound from the standing crowd. A jubilant Weinert strips off his helmet, jersey and gloves, and throws them into the stands. Dozens of hungry hands claw for each piece. Microphones are readied, and a crowd gathers in the infield, anxious to hear him speak. Weinert has won Superbowl VI for Kawasaki.

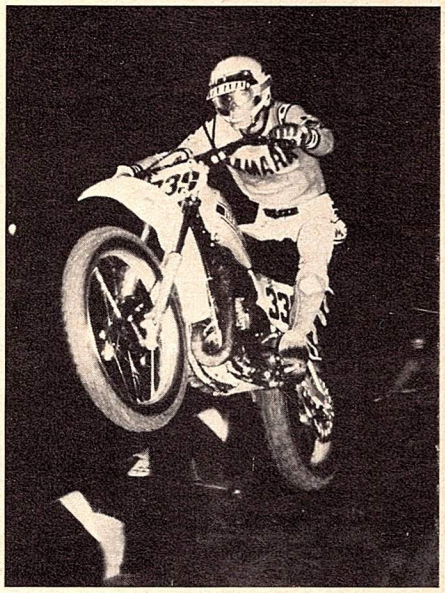
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I finger the check as a sign that it's getting overly late. At the end of the table a program is being thoughtfully turned. Its reader hesitates a moment. "Wouldn't it seem, with over half a million dollars sitting in the stands," he says almost to himself, "that the winner could be paid more than $3380?" He looks up a moment. "I guess that's why there's a Superbowl of Motocross."

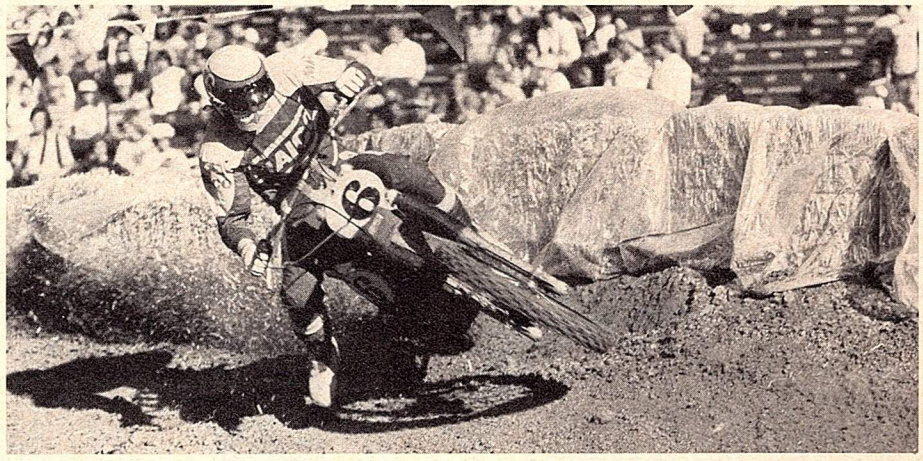
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Marty Smith rode well, though somewhat cautiously, fearing another spectacular crash for CBS's commercials. He still pinned down a second.



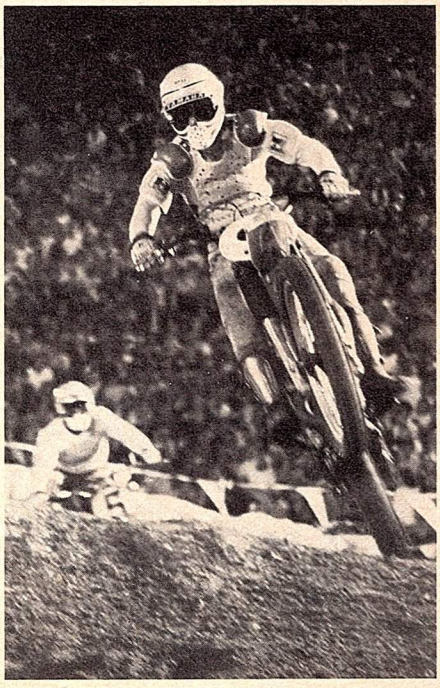
Mike Bell, riding for Yamaha against his first all-National field, surprised quite a few people by taking fourth in the final. At one point in the race, he was being given the sign by his mechanic *not* to pass teammate Hannah.



Steve Stackable was his usual consistent self, taking a fourth in his qualifying heat and a third in the main.

RESULTS

1. Jim Weinert, Kaw
2. Marty Smith, Hon
3. Steve Stackable, Mai
4. Mike Bell, Yam
5. Danny LaPorte, Suz
6. Gaylon Mosier, Mai
7. Bob Hannah, Yam
8. Tommy Croft, Hon
9. Chuck Sun, Hus
10. Marty Tripes, H-D



A couple of outstanding rides, interspersed with a crash and eventually a broken frame, led to Bob Hannah finally wrapping up his Supercross series win.

Some Thoughts On Stadium Motocross

In many ways, stadium motocross has come a long way since the first Superbowl in 1972. In that inaugural year I sat in the stands along with almost 30,000 other excited and somewhat bewildered motocross freaks and watched 16-year-old Marty Tripes blaze his way to temporary immortality — a contradictory term on the face of it, but in these fast-paced times even immortality comes with an expiration sticker. Marty earned a standing, screaming ovation by charging from ninth to first in the final moto to edge out one of those seemingly unconquerable Swedes, Torleif Hansen. Remember him?

Another thing I saw that night was one of the most spectacular get-offs I have ever witnessed. While trying to hold off Hansen in the second moto, John "The Flyin' Hawaiian" DeSoto's (remember him?) shocks seized simultaneously as he landed after jumping the mudhole. The resulting jolt catapulted John over the bars in a longer arc than that of his initial jump, and he landed on his head and bounced another 10 or 20 feet. We all thought John was dead, but he wobbled away from it. John DeSoto always wobbled away from it.

Stadium motocross has changed some since that July night five years ago. It is now an accepted phase of the sport, not a sideshow oddity, a regularly scheduled event which plays dates all over the nation. The crowds are bigger, and if a smaller percentage of them are motocross or even motorcycle people, well, that's probably good, too — it showcases the sport to people who are still having trouble separating motorcycles from switchblades and greasy hair.

Another thing that stadium motocross has done is to prove that American riders can draw large crowds in their own right, without the necessity of European "names" to spice the lineups. After initial efforts to give the stadium events an "Us vs. Them" flavor, Stadium Motorsports and Mike Goodwin came to realize that the visceral excitement offered by competition between top American pros and the hungry no-names nipping at their heels was enough to draw the crowds. The fact that the Europeans disliked stadium events and demanded large amounts of appearance money made that an easy realization to act upon. In 1977 there were only two foreign riders at the Superbowl and none at the other events in the Supercross series, but the absence of transoceanic talent had no noticeable effect on the quality of the racing or the enthusiasm of the crowds.

When we had taken the time to sit back and consider that first Superbowl, many members of the motorcycle press came to the conclusion that whatever it was, it wasn't motocross. And, in a technical sense, we were right. But that wasn't the point. While we were sitting at our typewriters taking potshots at "the freak show," that "freak show" was turning into a valuable addition to the sport. It was exposing more average citizens to motocross and motorcycling than we had been able to with all the "pure" racing which had been done in this country since motorcyclists first took to the dirt.

The change this year from the traditional three-moto format to heat races, semifinals and main event has diluted the "pure motocross" formula even more; but it has made stadium racing even more vital and exciting, and a great deal easier for non-motocross fans to understand and appreciate. That can only be good for the entire sport of motorcycling.

In fact, there is only one thing about stadium motocross which still bothers me. That is the emphasis on crashing. Crashes are part of the nature of any racing activity, especially motocross. And the promotion of a race by emphasizing crashes is, while wince-provoking to the real rider or racer, understandable. It is the promise of thrills, spills and excitement which brings the uninitiated into the stadium in the first place. But when tracks are apparently laid out to provide spectacular crashes for the enjoyment and edification of the crowd and network cameramen, the entire spectacle begins to reek of Christians versus Lions. I'm told that when Monty McCoy crashed at the Coliseum during practice for the Superbowl, a crash which was serious enough to badly injure a spectator and cause race officials to prohibit McCoy from riding because they were afraid he was too shaken up, the entire south side of the stadium stood up and cheered. Thumbs down. There's no place in motorcycling or anywhere else for that kind of emotion, yet if stadium motocross is constructed and promoted with a destruction derby mentality, then destruction derby is what it will become. While it lasts.

I am not claiming that stadium courses are laid out to provoke injury. Yet the fact remains that at the two events I've attended this year (Daytona and the Superbowl), there were sections of track which had to be reworked before the event went on — but only *after* riders were injured and machines destroyed. And these sections were obvious trouble to anyone who has ever ridden a motocross track. They had disaster written all over them, and disasters they became. It was only through sheer luck that the injuries weren't more serious.

Crashes and injuries are inherent to motocross, they are part of the nature and risk of the sport. But thought should be given to minimizing them to whatever extent possible. Tracks should be constructed with rider and spectator safety as a major consideration, and entry lists should be restricted to those talented and experienced enough to handle the difficult obstacles and excitement-provoking crowds which are a part of stadium events. When that begins to happen, then stadium motocross will have fully come into its own and motorcycling will owe promoters like Mike Goodwin a real debt of gratitude. — MRK

LAST LAP

NATIONAL MOTOCROSS

June 19. Midland, Michigan. 125. Bob Hannah came up with a win and second to forge up to second place behind leader Danny LaPorte at the midpoint (three races) of the 125 title chase. Teammate Broc Glover won the nightcap. Both of the OW riders were sporting 23-inch front wheels for the whoopdie-covered track. LaPorte, hampered by a front brake cable damaged by a spectator on the course, eventually went down when the front brake locked up in the whoops. Hannah grabbed the lead in the first moto despite a crash and a float level problem that caused his power to cut out. Jim Weinert and LaPorte, chasing the troubled Hannah, collided and went down. Frank Stacy took the Support with a second and first.

Points: 1. Hannah, Yam (1-2) 47; 2. Glover, Yam (5-1) 41; 3. Weinert, Kaw (2-4) 40; 4. LaPorte, Suz (4-3) 38; 5. Wise, Hon (3-5) 36; 6. Ogden, Suz (9-6) 27; 7. Richter, Yam (8-9) 25; 8. Guerra, Hus (14-8) 20; 9. Sun, Hus (11-11) 20; 10. Reid, Hon (19-7) 16.

June 26. Houston, Texas. 125. Broc Glover made it three moto wins in a row by sweeping the fourth round of the series. It marked the first overall for the 17-year-old Yamaha factory rider and moved him ahead of Hannah, behind LaPorte. Texan Steve Wise took two seconds. LaPorte finished third overall while Hannah put together two fifths for fourth overall. Glover won the first moto by 30 seconds, leading all the way. He didn't holeshot the second moto, but had the lead before the first lap was over and was never headed. John Ayers took the Support with two wins.

Results: 1. Glover, Yam (1-1) 50; 2. Wise, Hon (2-2) 44; 3. LaPorte, Suz (4-4) 36; 4. Hannah, Yam (5-5) 32; 5. Barnett, Suz (3-9) 32; 6. Reid, Hon (7-6) 29; 7. Richter, Yam (6-7) 29; 8. Joyce, Suz (10-8) 24; 9. Weinert, Kaw (--3) 20; 10. Turner, Yam (12-11) 19.

July 3. St. Joseph, Missouri. 125. Bob Hannah, in a desperate effort to retain his 125 National Championship title, convincingly swept both motos of the day. Current leader Danny LaPorte captured a pair of fourths to enable him to hold onto his lead, although Broc Glover, taking a second overall, slipped to within ten points of him.

The 125 Championship, like an echo of this year's 250 battle, will go down to the final event in San Antonio, Texas, on August 14, with all three riders in a position to capture this year's title.

Results: 1. Hannah, Yam (1-1); 2. Glover, Yam (3-2); 3. Reid, Hon (5-3); 4. LaPorte, Suz (4-4); 5. Barnett, Suz (2-8); 6. Grossi, Suz (6-5); 7. Weinert, Kaw (7-7); 8. Sun, Hus (9-10); 9. Turner, Hon (10-12); 10. Richter, Yam (--6).

July 17. Whitney, Texas. 500. Steve Stackable won both rounds of the 500 National series opener. Complete report in this issue.

SUPERCROSS

July 9. Los Angeles, California. Jimmy Weinert won the Superbowl of Motocross, but Bob Hannah clinched the Supercross championship. See report in this issue.



Big Stripper Enduro, Lynnville, Indiana. Photo by Brian Palormo.

INTERNATIONAL MOTOCROSS

June 19. Czechoslovakia. 125 GP. Gerard Rond, a 20-year-old Dutch rider for Yamaha, won his third GP of the year with a second and first. Jiri Churavy finished second overall ahead of Gaston Rahier, who has also won three of the seven GPs to date.

Results: 1. Rond, Yam (2-1); 2. Churavy, CZ (3-2); 3. Rahier, Suz (1-5).

June 19. West Germany. 250 GP. Andre Malherbe, a former 125 champion, took the overall when a flat tire with two laps to go in the second moto deprived points leader



Brad had a second and a third in Canada. Photo by Douglas McQueen.



Jaak van Velthoven at the Canadian GP. Photo by Douglas McQueen.



Mike Griffitts scored his third second of the year in Washington.

Moiseev of a sweep. Kavinov, who tangled with Malherbe in the first moto and bent his shift lever, got the win in the second moto after his countryman's chances were deflated.

Results: 1. Malherbe, KTM (3-2) 22; 2. Hansen, Kaw (5-3) 16; 3. Kavinov, KTM (--1) 15; 4. Moiseev, KTM (1--) 15; 5. Everts, Bul (2--) 12; 6. Maisch, Mai (6-5) 11; 7. Baborovsky, CZ (10-4) 9; 8. Suzuki, Suz (4--) 8; 9. Dieffenback, Kra (--6) 5; 10. Bruno, KTM (7--) 4.

June 26. St. Gabriel DeBrandon, Canada. 500 GP. Only 16 riders contested for world points as Heikki Mikkola lengthened his points lead. Brad Lackey finished second overall, and Gerrit Wolsink, who shared moto wins with Mikkola, moved ahead of teammate DeCoster in the points standings. Jim Pomeroy, hot after his moto win at Carlsbad the preceding weekend, set fastest qualifying time, topping Mikkola by three seconds. Tommy Croft edged DeCoster for third fastest time. The event was run the same day as the 125 National, and several top Americans were either racing in Texas or prepping for the 500 National season. Pomeroy, Lackey, Ellis, Karsmakers and Croft were the only factory riders to start. Pomeroy grabbed the lead in the first round after a few laps and held it until he endoed, giving it to Mikkola to keep. Both Lackey and Pomeroy passed the Finn early on in the second race; with Lackey leading Pomeroy dropped out, bothered by the shoulder he dinged in the first moto getoff, and DeCoster lost places when he had to stop to get a bent brake pedal straightened. Wolsink eventually got around Brad to take the win.

Results: 1. Mikkola, Yam (1-3) 25; 2. Lackey, Hon (3-2) 22; 3. Wolsink, Suz (5-1) 21; 4. DeCoster, Suz (2-4) 20; 5. Schmitz, Mai (4-6) 13; 6. Banks, CCM (7-5) 10; 7. van Velthoven, KTM (8-7) 7; 8. Andersson, Mon (6-9) 7; 9. Ellis, C-A (9-8) 5.

July 3. Great Britain. 500 GP. Brad Lackey took a first place in the first moto and a fourth in the second to gain his first overall victory. The 23 World Championship points he gained from the event put him within striking distance of the presently third-place Roger DeCoster, who failed to gain a single point in the round, hampered by throttle problems in both motos.

Gerrit Wolsink remains the only rider who has a chance at overtaking the hot Heikki Mikkola, with three events sitll remaining in the series.

Results: 1. Lackey, Hon 23; 2. Wolsink, Suz 15; 3. Mikkola, Yam 15; 4. Banks, CCM 12; 5. Andersson, Mon 11; 6. Aberg, Yam 10; 7. Noyce, Mai 10; 8. Schmitz, Mai 8; 9. Van Den Broek, Mai 8; 10. van Velthoven, KTM 8.

July 3. West Germany. 125 GP. Gaston Rahier took both motos to widen his points lead to 47 over Gerard Rond. With these two victories included, Rahier has now taken ten out of 16 motos in the series, and has accumulated 195 points. Rond, with two seconds in this event, holds second place with 148 points.

Results: 1. Rahier, Suz (1,1); 2. Rond, Yam (2,2); 3. DeRoover, Beta (3,4); 4. Massant, Yam (5,3); 5. Piron, Beta (4,5); 6. Autio, Suz (7,6); 7. Liljegren, KTM (10,8).

July 17. Lexington, Ohio. 125 GP. Gaston Rahier clinched his third consecutive World Championship. Complete report this issue.

Please turn page

NATIONAL RELIABILITY TRIALS

June 18-19. Coyle Field, New Jersey. The seventh and final ISDT Qualifier went to Kevin LaVoie. The sand whoopdies and heat made it a tough test, with 92 of 194 starters around at the end. Among them was Kathi Campbell, who earned a Silver despite having to ride with a separated shoulder after crashing on Sunday. The event, rescheduled from an earlier date because of winter weather, was organized by the East Coast Enduro Association.

Results: Overall: Kevin LaVoie, Pen 1803. Open: LaVoie, Pen 1803; Gallo, Pen 1835; Evans, Hus 1901. 350: Hannon, Bul 1849; Smith, Pen 1906; Younkins, Pen 1935. 250: J. Penton, Pen 1817; T. Penton, Pen 1857; Kenny, Suz 1878. 200: Heileman, Yam 1876; Cichochi, Pen 1916; Bush, Pen 1986. 125: Rosso, Her 2076, Davis, Hus 2082; Simpson, Pen 2198. 100: Grant, Her 2619.

CLASS C GRAND NATIONAL SERIES

June 24. Hinsdale, Illinois. TT. Ken Roberts had the lead until he lost some sprocket bolts and had to retire. Gary Scott inherited the front spot and held it for four laps until Jay Springsteen came on to make the pass that gave him the win. Earlier in the evening the Springer had figured he was done for, but he managed to transfer to the semi despite a magneto failure. Steve Ekland, who set fastest qualifying time, crashed in the main, ending any chances he had.

Results: 1. Springsteen, H-D; 2. G. Scott, Tri; 3. Boody, H-D; 4. Eklund, Yam; 5. Jorgensen, BSA; 6. Goss, Yam; 7. Davis, Yam; 8. Keener, H-D; 9. Joyner, Tri; 10. Davidison, Yam.

June 26. Columbus, Ohio. Half-Mile. Mike Kidd, following Mert Lawwill's advice, gambled on a soft rubber compound and won the day, topping Jay Springsteen and Steve Morehead, who were both bothered by brake fade problems in the late going. Ken Roberts also elected to use soft rubber and found no new tread left at all as he faded to 11th by the f' 'sh.

Results: 1. Kidd, H-D; 2. Springsteen, H-D; 3. Morehead, H-D; 4. Keener, H-D; 5. Eklund, H-D; 6. Boody, H-D; 7. Doug Sehl, H-D; 8. Dave Sehl, H-D; 9. Rush, H-D; 10. Schaeffer, H-D.



Steve Wise took two seconds in Texas.



Mike Bell, just signed by Yamaha, finished fourth at the Superbowl.



A flat tire dropped Skip Olson to seventh place in the Foothills National Enduro. Photo by Gene Buck.

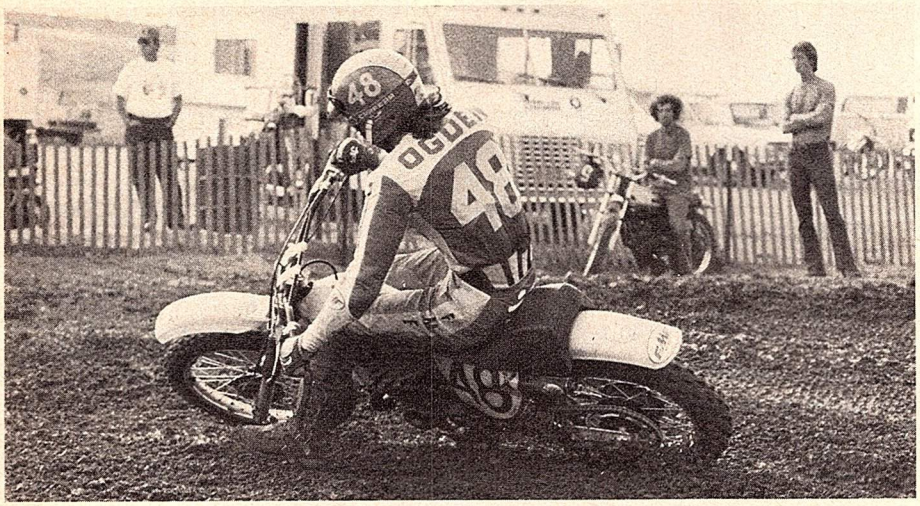
July 2. San Jose, California. Half-Mile. Mike Kidd made it two in a row, taking an early lead after scooting by Jay Springsteen, who continues to lead the series.

Results: 1. Kidd, H-D; 2. Boody, H-D; 3. Springsteen, H-D; 4. Eklund, H-D; 5. H. Scott, Yam; 6. Roberts, Yam; 7. Goss, H-D; 8. Morehead, H-D; 9. Collins, H-D; 10. Beauchamp, Nor.

July 9. Castle Rock, Washington. TT. Triumph-mounted Randy Skiver upheld the tradition of local domination at the Castle Rock TT. In the past seven years only Gary Scott has been able to break this monopoly. Jay Springsteen relinquished his series lead by crashing and allowing Ted Boody, who placed second, to take over the lead.

With the mid-point of the season only one event away, Jay, at best, can take the second-place share of the purse distribution, although Ken Roberts can still complicate matters by passing him with a high finish in the next event, possibly taking over the series lead himself.

Results: 1. Skiver, Tri 20; 2. Boody, H-D 16; 3. Roberts, Yam



Gary Ogden at the St. Joe, Missouri, National.



Marland Whaley will be keeping that Number One plate for another year.



Kojii Masuda just missed winning the 125 GP.

13; 4. G. Scott, Tri 11; 5. Jorgensen, BSA 10; 6. Hocking, Tri 9; 7. Brown, Tri 8; 8. Burres, Tri 7; 9. Hurst, Tri 6; 10. Goss, H-D 5.

NATIONAL OBSERVED TRIALS

June 25. Diamond Mill, Oregon. Marland Whaley won his third straight national in a rain forest area 60 miles west of Portland that had many riders suggesting it for consideration for a future world round. Whaley won by 12 marks over Lane Leavitt, who put another 11 marks between himself and the rest of the field. The trial was organized by the Columbia Observed Trials Association. Kawasaki-sponsored Steve Darrow won the Support class while Bob Nickelsen sneaked past NATC coordinator Wiltz Wagner when he faltered on the final few sections.

Results: 1. Whaley, Hon 30; 2. Leavitt, Bul 42; 3. Schreiber, Bul 53; 4. Sweet, Mon 55; 5. Heath, Bul 55; 6. Eggar, Hon 56; 7. Belair, Mon 56; 8. Cheney, Bul 60; 9. Burgener, Bul 63; 10. Griffitts, Mon 63.

June 26. Bridge of the Gods, Washington. The cast moved 120 miles east but the lead remained the same. Another win for Whaley, dropping just 14 points in 40 rides. Mike Griffitts placed second ahead of Don Sweet, the only rider in the top seven finishers not from California. Bob Nickelsen won the Senior and Steve Darrow, by winning again, took the Western Support championship.

Results: 1. Whaley, Hon 14; 2. Griffitts, Mon 21; 3. Sweet, Mon 26; 4. Leavitt, Bul 28.9; 5. Fish, Mon 29; 6. Eggar, Hon 40; 7. Schreiber, Bul 41; 8. Cavanaugh, Bul 46; 9. Skreen, Mon 51; 10. Comer, Kaw 51.2.

July 2-3. Norden, California. Marland Whaley won his third consecutive national title by posting his fifth straight win of the year at Donner Ski Ranch. Trailing first-day leader Mike Griffitts by 12 points, he proceeded to clean the first 20 sections he rode on Sunday and, still trailing with just ten sections to go, came on to take the win. The task was made easier when Griffitts fived the final two sections. Bernie Schreiber, a point behind Griffitts after Saturday, dropped to third overall. The riders tackled a single cloverleafed 50-section loop each day. Bob Nickelsen clinched the inaugural Senior championship, topping Wiltz Wagner and Bud Mylerberg, while Steve Erwin headed the Support riders.

Results: 1. Whaley, Hon 33; 2. Griffitts, Mon 43; 3. Schreiber, Bul 49; 4. Eggar, Hon 53; 5. Fish, Mon 71; 6. Stites, Bul 77; 7. Heath, Bul 77; 8. Belair, Mon 81; 9. Hopkins, Mon 87; 10. Comer, Kaw 89.

NATIONAL ENDUROS

June 12. Wellston, Ohio. Dick Burleson won his seventh national of the year, edging Jack Penton by a single mark at the 125-mile Little Raccoon. The Husky rider dropped nine points. The event was presented by the Appalachian Dirt Riders, their first national. John Penton managed a second in the Senior class despite a crash that broke a couple of ribs.

Results: High point: Burleson, Hus 991. High point B: Jon Stillman, Hus 943. Open: Popiel, Hus 981. 250: Jack Penton, Pen 990. 200: Dickens, Yam 958. 125: Montgomery, Pen 909.

June 12. Bath, Michigan. Dick Burleson won his third straight national, making it eight for the year.

NATIONAL POINT STANDINGS

125 MX: 1. LaPorte, Suz 200; 2. Glover, Yam 190; 3. Hannah, Yam 183; 4. Reid, Hon 140; 5. Wise, Hon 134; 6. Richter, Yam 119; 7. Ogden, Suz, and Barnett, Suz 105; 9. Weinert, Kaw 88; 10. Guerra, Hus 73. One event remaining.

Reliability Trials: 100: 1. Glenn Allison, Pen, and Rick Grant, Her 20; 3. H. Hopkins, Pen 16. 125: 1. Mike Rosso, Her, 69; 2. Ted Leimbach, Pen 60; 3. Dwight Rudder, Her 53; 4. Bob Pearce, C-A 51; 5. Greg Davis, Hus 45. 175: 1. Andrew Smith, Her 72; 2. Rod Bush, Pen 69; 3. Dane Leimbach, Pen 65; 4. Don Cichochi, Pen 51; 5. Mike Deyo, Yam 39. 250: 1. Jack Penton, Pen 80; 2. Tom Penton, Pen 65; 3. Bruce Kenny, Suz 52; 4. Mark Deyo, Yam 51; 5. Larry Thompson, Yam 48. 350: 1. Gary Younkins, Pen, and Mike Hannon, Bul 76; 3. Jeff Hammond, Yam 43; 4. John Wheller, Pen 41; 5. Mike McGowan, Her 40. Open: 1. Kevin LaVoie, Pen 62; 2. Dick Burleson, Hus, and Frank Gallo, Pen 56; 4. John Fero, Yam 50; 5. Barry Higgins, Mai 46. Final standings.

Supercross: 1. Hannah, 192; 2. Pomeroy, 149; 3. Ellis, 122; 4. Mosier, 112; 5. Howerton, 106; 6. Stackable, 104; 7. Smith, 101; 8. DiStefano, 99; 9. LaPorte, 84; 10. Croft, 83. One round remaining.

National Enduros: 1. Dick Burleson, Hus 172; 2. Skip Olson, C-A 126; 3. Bob Popiel, Hus 67; 4. Ted Worrell, Suz 58; 5. Billy Geier, Pen 56; 6. Mike Hannon, Bul 53; 7. Jack Penton, Pen 52; 8. Jim Fogle, Pen 45; 9. Ben Bower, Bul 37; 10. Bruce Kenny, Suz 34. As of June 19. Fourteen events remaining.

Class C: 1. Ted Boody, H-D 134; 2. Jay Springsteen, H-D 128; 3. Ken Roberts, Yam 115; 4. Gary Scott, Tri 85; 5. Steve Eklund, H-D 84; 6. Corky Keener, H-D, and Mike Kidd, H-D 67; 8. Steve Morehead, H-D 62; 9. Hank Scott, Yam, and Alex Jorgensen, BSA 40. As of July 9.

Observed Trials: 1. Marland Whaley, Hon 75; 2. Lane Leavitt, Bul 46; 3. Mike Griffitts, Mon, and Don Sweet, Mon 42; 5. Bernie Schreiber, Bul 40; 6. Mark Eggar, Hon 21; 7. Tom McKinley, Mon 19; 8. Jeff Fish, Mon 18; 9. Bill Burgener, Bul 16; 10. Curt Comer, Kaw 15. Three events remaining.

500 MX: 1. Steve Stackable, Mai 50; 2. Kent Howerton, Hus 44; 3. Marty Smith, Hon 38; 4. Bob Hannah, Yam 35; 5. Jim Pomeroy, Hon 33; 6. Rick Burgett, Yam 32; 7. Bill Grossi, Suz, and Gary Semics, Kaw 25; 9. Gaylon Mosier, Mai 24; 10. Rex Staten, H-D 23. After one round. Five rounds remaining.

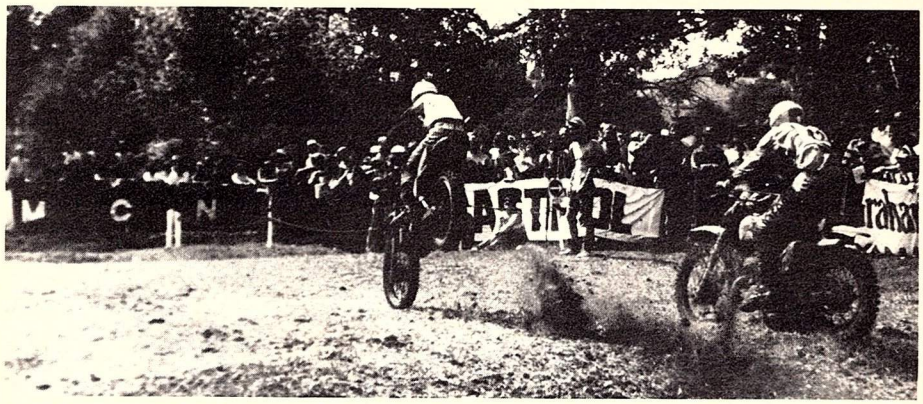
WORLD POINTS STANDINGS

500 MX: 1. Mikkola, Yam 220; 2. Wolsink, Suz 172; 3. DeCoster, Suz 156; 4. Lackey, Hus 130; 5. Schmitz, Mai 67; 6. van Velthoven, KTM 55; 7. Andersson, Mon 43; 8. Noyce, Mai 42; 9. Banks, CCM 41; 10. Aberg, Yam 33. After nine rounds. Three remaining.

250 MX: 1. Moiseev, KTM 163; 2. Kavinov, KTM 143; 3. Everts, Bul 102; 4. Malherbe, KTM 101; 5. Maisch, Mai 83; 6. Baborovsky, CZ 82; 7. Boven, Mon 65; 8. Falta, CZ 62; 9. Mingels, Mon 59; 10. Hansen, Kaw 58. Three events remaining.

Observed Trials: 1. Malcolm Rathmell, Mon 69; 2. Yrjo Vesterinen, Bul, 67; 3. Martin Lampkin, Bul 66; 4. Ulf Karlsson, Mon 57; 5. Charles Coutard, Bul 51; 6. Bernie Schreiber, Bul 38; 7. Rob Shepherd, Hon 26; 8. Manuel Soler, Bul 25; 9. Nigel Birkett, Suz 22; 10. John Reynolds, Mon 20. Four events remaining.

125 MX: 1. Gaston Rahier, Suz 250; 2. Gerard Rond, Yam 183; 3. Andre Massant, Yam 107; 4. Jiri Churavy, CZ 101; 5. G. Liljegren, KTM 82. After ten events. Two remaining.



A bad moment for Brad with Roger on his tail at the British GP. Gary Silverman photo.



Gerard Rond at the 125 GP.



World Champion Rahier.

June 19. Backus, Minnesota. The 5th Annual Foothills Classic National Enduro was held in Backus, Minnesota, with no postponements or threats of last-minute cancellation due to fire danger, as was the case last year.

Dick Burleson had won this event the previous three years, so the sponsoring Straight Arrow Enduro Riders were surprised when he elected to stay home this year. Instead, he sent Bob Popiel of Antioch, Tennessee, his fellow Husky rider on a 390 Automatic, to take home the high point for Husqvarna.

Popiel dropped two points on the 106-mile course, closely followed by Herluff Johnson of Massachusetts on a Suzuki with three points. Kevin Snapp of Grantsburg, Wisconsin, Skip Olson's fellow townsman and protege, captured 200A class honors with four points lost.

Olson, who was considered the favorite with Burleson not entered, ran the last 32 miles with a flat rear tire, which caused him to drop eight points. This was good for seventh place, and third place in 250A class, behind Ron Ribolzi and Ted Worrel with five points each. John Bruch, 1973 winner, topped Open A class with six points.

The course drew raves from many national riders for the excellent arrowing and brushing of the trails which made the course safe and competitive for the early riders.

— Report by Don Youngdahl ✪

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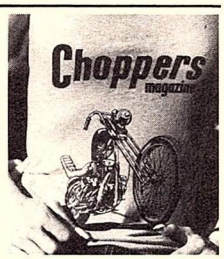
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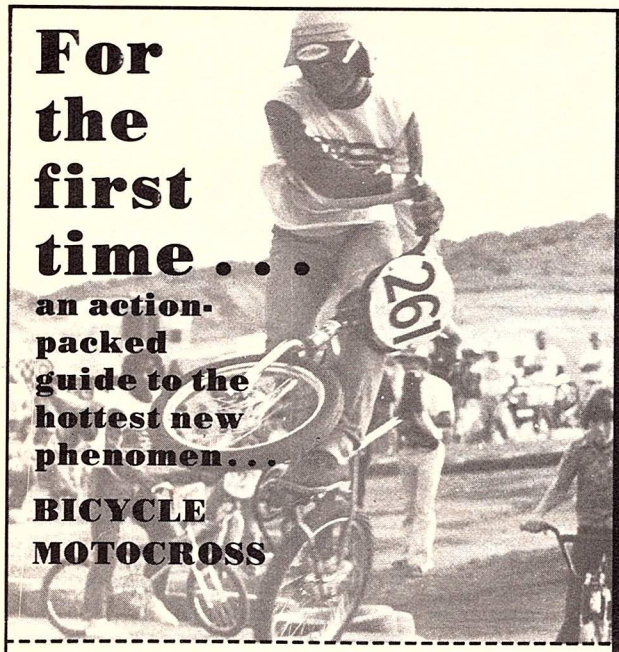
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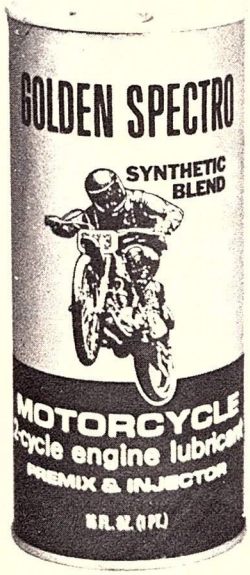
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Continued from page 65

the rear wheel is not breaking loose either. You're just getting maximum power to the ground without loss of traction. The Automatic does it all for you. Soon you'll realize that you're pulling away from riders who are having to take time to shift. Not by a large margin, but it is noticeable. If your reactions are quick and your timing good, you won't have any problems with starts.

The 390 puts out by far the smoothest and most usable power of any other open class machine. Although it's not the quickest bike in certain low-speed situations, it is quick enough overall due to its shiftless nature. Much of this is due to its delivery through the automatic shift box. The standard procedure is to blast up to a corner, touch the super stoppers for an instant, and then turn the power on early. In many situations, you can turn the wick up all the way and let the Auto do the thinking for you. Lofting the front wheel is easily accomplished through the standard throttle application and weight transfer technique. Even 125 riders will feel secure with the Auto's power.

Without a doubt this is the best-handling motocrosser we've ever tested. The Husky's new geometry and fork arrangement allow you to take turns any way you please; outside to inside, inside to outside, with berms or without. Slides are equally as confidence-inspiring. Just dial it on and hang it out. But, don't shut off.

Because of the freewheeling, there is a riding style that you may have to develop in order to successfully compete on this bike. It's actually very simple. You must be either on the gas or on the brakes. But then, that's really the correct way to race any bike, isn't it? It's just that it's more critical on the Auto. For instance, if you're in a slide and back off on the throttle a little too far to correct yourself, you'll have to go through that split second when the clutches begin to engage once again. In some situations, that moment may be enough to spit you off the highside. So, for some it may be necessary to spend some time on the bike before they feel comfortable on it.

Then there's George. He took the Auto out and won his first two races with it after putting in only 40 minutes on it beforehand. He felt right at home from the beginning.

Zeal jumped on and went quicker each lap. In no time he was dialed in and loving it.

Connolly had decided from the beginning that he probably wouldn't like the Auto. To his surprise, he too loved the Autocross. A confirmed Bul freak for many more years than he cares to remember, Jim is considering buying an Auto 390.

Bruce liked the Automatic even though he went down on his third lap.

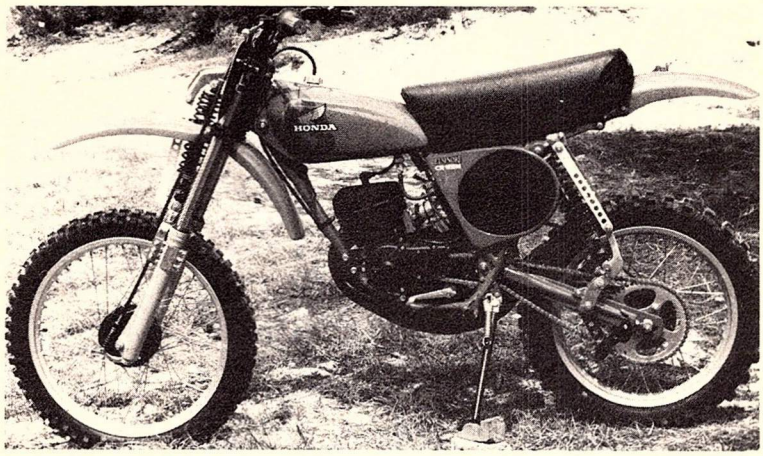
Bill was spit off the highside during our initial photo session and said he wouldn't ride it anymore.

One of the major advantages of the 390A is that you have much more time to spend picking lines. From one corner to the next, all you have to do is twist the right grip and pick your path. For this reason, the Automatic may seem to be a bit slow at first. It's just because you have nothing to do but watch the next corner coming up and think about your braking points.

Landing from jumps is a very pleasant experience. There is not a hint of harshness or flexing in the forks (that is, after we tuned them). They merely absorb the impact. They feel as absorbent in the first 120mm as in the last.

The front forks, like the rear shocks, come with two springs of different weights in each side. The same long spring is used for a number of models, while the shorter top springs come in different weights. Whatever was in our test bike was definitely on the soft side. The first time we took it out for

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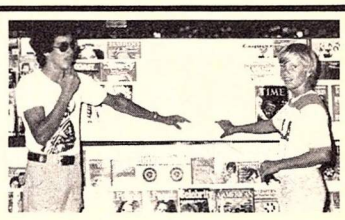
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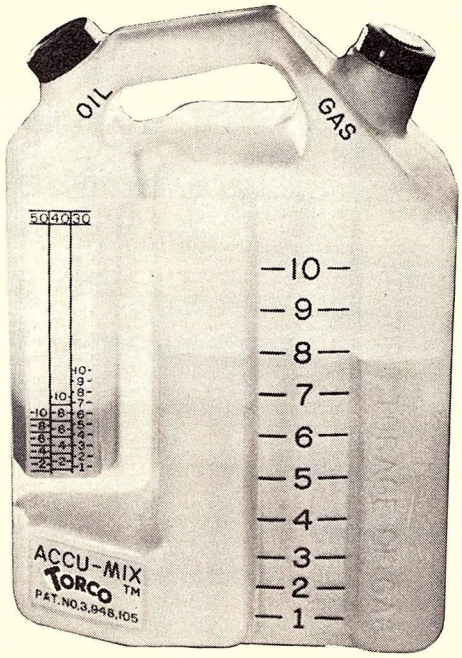


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photos some described them as dangerously soft. Installing a set of Goki air caps with eight pounds of air pressure made the front end perform flawlessly. Until the stock seals gave up. Fresh 10/30 oil, stock seals on the bottom and early Honda Scrambler seals on the top fixed them for good. Be sure that you use Teflon tape on the threads of the fork cap plugs and the Goki air caps to prevent air from escaping.

After about six minutes or so, the rear shocks have done about all the foaming and fading they're going to do. From then on their performance is correct and consistent. These Husky/Girlings are an excellent set of shocks with a perfectly suited set of springs.

YES, WE DID HAVE A COUPLE OF PROBLEMS

The first was the soft springing and the blown fork seals. That's not too serious, but hopefully they'll come up with a stiffer top spring and perhaps some better seals.

Aside from this, the only other malfunction was the front brake cable hooking on the front tire. Since no one took the effort to tape the cable to the fork leg, it was sucked into the whirling knobs. This made for some anxious moments as the wheel locked while in the air during George's first moto. The second cable died when the guide on the fork leg was twisted out too far, allowing the cable to bow out instead of slide up through the crowns. The third cable may live a long and happy life.

Last but not least, the pipe had a tendency to cook flesh. The left side would occasionally catch you just above the boot or under the thigh if you were into toe-slides. If you are long-legged or ride with your knees close together, you'll soon find the area on the right where a heat shield is needed. It bothered some, but others only seldom.

HARDWARE AND SUCH

Bolted up behind the rear brake pivot is a chain guide to take up excess chain slack and steer the chain as it heads back to the rear guide. The guide blocks are made of a special long-wearing plastic and are bolted to the top and bottom of this steel-sided guide. Extra blocks and a swingarm protector of the same material are included with the

bike. The rear guide uses rubber rollers directly above and below the chain.

Also included with each bike are enough special tools to enable you to disassemble the transmission and tighten the ignition side crankshaft nut. Plus 11- and 13-tooth countershaft sprockets. For the tracks in our area, we preferred to use the 11-tooth. Taking a few teeth off of the rear sprocket would give you some guaranteed holeshots if the start is an uphill. Going smaller than 11 teeth on the countershaft is hard on both the chain and the sprockets.

Both brake backing plates are made of magnesium alloy, as are the lower fork legs. The hubs and engine cases are of aluminum alloy. Curiously, the 390 CR's crankcases are made of magnesium alloy.

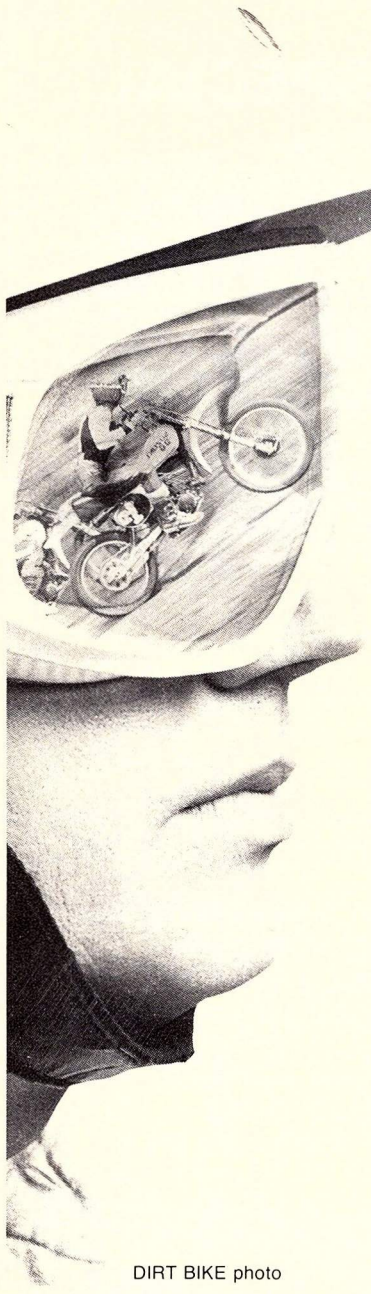
GET 'EM WHILE THEY'RE HOT

With a simple modification to the forks, the 390 Automatic is the finest big-bore motocrosser available today. It is years ahead of its time. The suspension, power delivery and handling are better than on any other production motorcycle. With the automatic transmission doing your thinking for you, you don't have to worry about shifting gears or stalling the engine. Under conditions of low traction, the Automatic wins hands-down over standard-transmission motorcycles, as the transmission negates wheelspin and pulls traction under almost any conditions. The 390 is so quiet that you can sneak up behind someone and zap them before they know you're there. Heh, heh!

Husky's reputation for reliability and flat-out handling in major off-road races is untouchable. The faster you go, the more stable the bike becomes.

The 360 Auto sold for $2395. A 390A will cost you a mere $1995. Now, that's a couple of hundred dollars more than some bikes. But then, when you consider the quality of the machine you'll be getting and the advantages of the "Brain Within The Gearbox," we're sure you'll agree that the Automatic is worth a little extra. On top of that, consider Husqvarna's famous 60-day warranty.

We're sure that Husky will be able to sell all of the Autos that they can produce. Hopefully, someday they will up their production.



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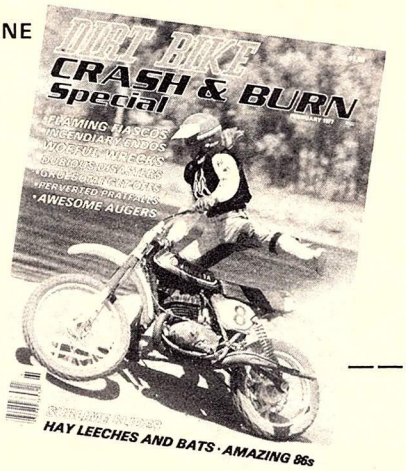
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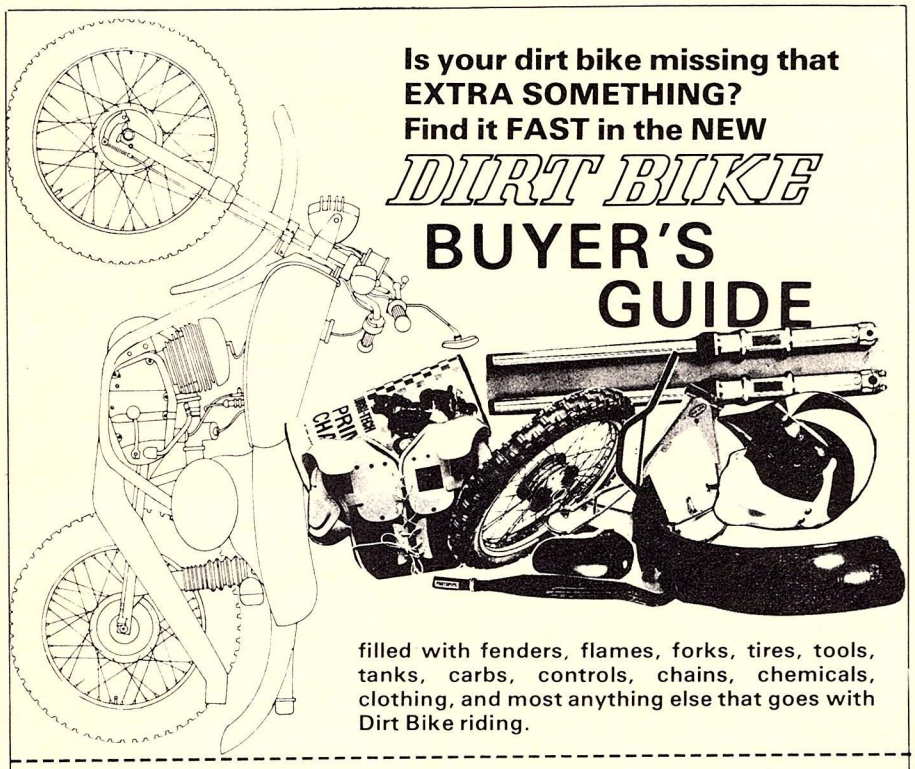
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